

THE LONDON MERCURY

Editor—J. C. SQUIRE

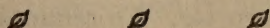
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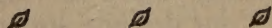
December 1924

EDITORIAL NOTES

AT the Annual Meeting of the Liverpool Repertory Theatre the chairman informed the shareholders that they had made a few pounds profit for the year, but offered them the consolation that they had paid the State three thousand pounds in Entertainment Tax. And at the third production, which is noticed elsewhere, of the Three Hundred Club, Mr. Geoffrey Whitworth announced that the season's operations had resulted in a loss of £100 of which £36 had gone to the State in Entertainment Tax. So hey ! for the National Theatre which the State itself, when it comes, will no doubt compel to show a deficit by taxing its receipts.



THIS is not the place in which to enter into a general disquisition upon taxation. To the ordinary citizen taxation which hits other people is fair and taxation which hits himself is unfair. To the philosopher the best taxes are those which produce the necessary revenue at the least administrative cost and which least deleteriously affect the economic and social life of the community. We are only here concerned with taxation in so far as it bears upon culture ; and it is from that standpoint that we join in the demand, expressed both loud and clear by the embattled cinema proprietors, for the total abolition of the Entertainment Tax.



VARIOUS people have various objections to this impost. The Cinema Proprietors doubtless disapprove of it because it affects their own pockets. Others maintain that a discriminatory tax on one class of luxuries or pleasures is grossly unjust. This applies to other taxes than this. The beer tax singles out those who find happiness in beer whilst giving

immunity to those who prefer to look on the cocoa when it is brown. Similarly there is no tax on copies of *Punch*. The man who prefers to follow Mr. Phillips Oppenheim's engaging narratives in print may do so without paying a penny of tax on the volumes he buys, whereas the man who chooses rather to thread those labyrinths of intrigue, bask in those marble halls, and vicariously consume those elaborate menus on the film, is mulcted for his innocent proclivity. These, however, be general considerations of no special concern to ourselves, as also is the concession whereunder the cheapest seats are exempt from tax. What chiefly interests us is the impossibility of levying this tax, with whatever intention of exempting "educational" enterprises, without severely crippling people whose sole object in conducting their artistic activities is the service of the public.

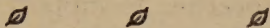


THE line cannot be drawn fairly : the necessity for drawing it ought therefore to be completely swept away. How absurd it is that the Old Vic., run at great sacrifices by enthusiasts whose work is universally applauded, commanding the services of actors who work at very moderate pay for the sake of the cause, patently existing for no man's profit, should have to pay Entertainment Tax. If a benefactor gives money to the Old Vic., as has happened in the past, statesmen and publicists unite in praising him for his wise and patriotic expenditure : and the Chancellor of the Exchequer at once proceeds to take some of it away. The spectacle is analogous to that which we see when a public appeal has at last produced funds for the erection of new buildings in some hard pressed University : the first thing we do when the buildings have struggled to completion is to assess them for local rates. What occurs with theatres occurs, of course, in other fields of æsthetic enterprise. We remember that last year the point arose in connection with the Architecture Club's exhibition at Grosvenor House. Here was a show, opened with the State's blessing by a Cabinet Minister, which existed simply and solely for the promotion of the art and the education of the public. Had a profit been made there was no risk of the Committee's spending it on riotous living : it would have gone into other propaganda of the kind. In point of fact a loss was made, a loss gladly borne by members. Yet on every ticket the tax was paid. "We'll larn you," observed the State, "to take an interest in the beauty of buildings, to encourage town planning, to campaign against eyesores, and to disseminate information about the most efficient ways of building homes for heroes. You actually enjoy serving the public. Your public spirit gives you a pleasure. Your designs are entertaining. Shell out !"

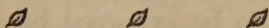


LET the authorities be never so careful, they cannot make regulations with regard to exemptions which will not leave the burden still on the backs of some of the most deserving and useful of truly educational bodies. Their efforts at drawing distinctions have sometimes landed them in the

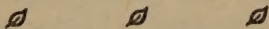
most ludicrous positions. We remember some time ago lecturing on Poetry in Scotland for the English Association, and being warned by a policeman beforehand that if there was much quotation of verse the performance would be regarded as a recitation and the tax levied. He stayed throughout the proceedings and we watched his face anxiously lest a glimmering of interest or amusement should appear on it and betray a decision to impose the duty. Consequently, however hard our governors may find it to forgo the shillings they get out of the people who go once a week to expensive stalls to see *Cheero Auntie* ! or *Stockings*, they would do much better to abolish this war-levy straight away and get their revenue in some less invidious manner.



ON November 21st a very large and distinguished company assembled at dinner to honour Mr. D. S. MacColl, the retiring Keeper of the Wallace Collection. Lord Curzon made the speech of the evening with the felicity that he always shows on such occasions. It is to be hoped that the cessation of Mr. MacColl's official duties will give him more leisure for painting and also lead to a renewal of his old activity as one of the most acute and learned of living critics of the Arts.



OWING largely to the efforts of the Scapa Society the country is not quite so badly menaced by ugly advertisements as it was, and local authorities have considerable powers of mitigating the nuisance if they wish to. We have not yet, however, got to the point of thinking that a "beauty spot"—horrible phrase!—can be anything but rural. Yet is not the view of St. Paul's, with the black spire of St. Martin-le-Lud in front of it, from the bottom of Ludgate Hill as surely a national treasure as Burnham Beeches or the Avenue at Bushey? There it is to be ruined by any vulgar commercial adventurer who cares to exploit it in the same spirit as the soap-firm which once attempted to get hold of Shakespeare's Cliff at Dover in order to blazon it with the inscription "Soap Washed these Cliffs White." Recently a revoltingly crude and conspicuous advertisement of some remedy or food has been placed high among the houses, impudently facing westward down the hill, on the left-hand side of the vista towards St. Paul's. If we could find out the name of the person who is responsible for having defiled one of London's finest views with this abomination we should be happy to print it.

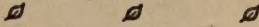


WHATEVER else might be said about the General Election it has at least left us with a civilised and humane Prime Minister. In our less partisan moments we instinctively think of politicians in two main classes: those who habitually talk and act as though man lived by bread

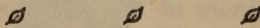
alone and those who don't. At the present moment we are at least fortunate in the party leaders. A good deal is talked about the superior cultivation of the eighteenth century politicians. There were no doubt many educated men amongst them, though an ability to quote Horace may be over-estimated, and the student of the period will not suppose Parliament to have been completely monopolised by Chesterfields, Burkes and Windhams. It ought to be realised that with the three parties led by Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Asquith and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald we are, in this one respect at least, very fortunate. Mr. MacDonald may have had his drawbacks, in the eyes of most of his countrymen, as a statesman : but this, at any rate, we remember, that at a time when he was badly overworked he did all he could, by his presence and speeches, to support the Arts at public functions, and that his utterances, on these occasions, were admirable both in form and in spirit. As for Mr. Baldwin, whose last action during his previous term of office was the appointment of the Fine Arts Commission, not all the talk about his simple honesty, his pipe, and his porkers should be allowed to obscure the fact that he has a wide and affectionate knowledge of great literature. He is undemonstrative about it, merely allowing it to peep out in the most natural way ; but it is obviously there and his tastes are refreshingly personal. The public man who quotes Johnson and Gibbon is an established and venerable type. But one never knows what private predilection is next going to be betrayed by Mr. Baldwin. In the most natural way in the world he has referred the House of Commons to Browning, Rossetti and Landor. He called the attention of a General Election audience in Somersetshire to the undoubted fact that Blake's passage about Jerusalem and mental strife had now become a tag on the lips of reformers. And, at the Guildhall Banquet of all places—the man who is spontaneous about these things can always carry them off anywhere—he illustrated his argument by quotations from a work by Professor Lethaby.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE

MESSRS. ARROWSMITH have just issued a new edition (5s.) of *The Diary of a Nobody*, with an introduction, on which we can scarcely be expected to comment, by the editor of this review. In the new edition the chapter headings are omitted and the book is printed as a conservative diary. The illustrations are reduced and gain something by the reduction. This masterpiece, by the Grossmith Brothers, which has been praised without reserve by Mr. Birrell and Mr. Belloc, and which Lord Rosebery says he regards as indispensable furniture for any bedroom which he occupies, is still far too little known though an edition is sold almost every year. As a piece of realism with a comic bias it is unique : and it fixes the period of the nineties wonderfully.



WE regret to record the death of Sir Thomas Jackson, R.A. He was a man who in his lifetime achieved an exceptional amount of work, architectural, archæological, and literary. Although he contemplated becoming a painter he took advice and entered the office of Sir Gilbert Scott in 1858, beginning to practise in 1862. To his prize fellowship at Wadham in 1864 he attributed his success in life, since it enabled him to travel and study while he was earning nothing. The greater part of his important work is to be seen in Oxford and Cambridge : his style was a mingling of later Gothic forms, with classic derived from the Elizabethan, but lacking the grotesqueness and clumsiness which is so often apparent in such. This style is very happily exemplified in the new Brasenose buildings, which are worthy of their setting, but, it must be confessed, it is seen to little advantage in a mere monumental work like the new Radcliffe library. Besides many other churches and school buildings, he did restoration work, and for his work in restoring and adding slightly to a part of Winchester Cathedral he received a baronetcy. A full account of such a versatile man's life-work obviously cannot be given here. His activity was astonishing. At the age of seventy he rowed from the Norfolk broads to London.



VICTORIAN memories are revived by the death of J. W. Cross, the husband of George Eliot. John Walter Cross was a well-known figure in the London world of the eighties and nineties. He first met George Eliot in Rome, in 1869, marrying her ten years later. She was destined to die in the same year. As an author, Cross is chiefly noted for his biography of George Eliot. One who knew him says in the *Times*, "Advancing years, though they had robbed him of the outdoor sports which he had pursued with zest, seemed to make no inroad on the freshness and vigour of his mind. Deeply interested in young people and enjoying their society as they did his, he never became a mere dweller in the past, but was to the end intensely absorbed in all that was going on around him, from the latest world problems down to the daily life of grand-nephews and grand-nieces. He was ever a delightful talker, and possessed a charm of voice and manner that appealed to young and old alike."

AN example of beautiful colour printing is the series of postcards, miniatures of the Nativity and Epiphany, which have been issued by the British Museum. Eight of the fifteen reproductions in this series are on slightly reduced scales ; the remainder of the same dimensions as the originals.



A LECTURE will be given by Percy Simpson on Thursday, December 4th, at 5.15 p.m. to members of the English Association, at the London School of Economics, Houghton Street, Kingsway, W.C.2 (close to Australia House). The subject will be " Marlowe's *Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*."



A VERY rare old mezzotint is to be put up for sale at Christie's this month which should be of special interest to all print collectors. It is a proof state of *The Oddie Children (Children at play)* after Sir William Beechey, engraved by Thomas Park, and it has never apparently been sold at auction before ; the only other proof state known is in the Print Room of the British Museum.



THE twenty-fourth annual dinner of the Representatives of the Fine Art trade (associated with the Fine Art Provident Institution) will be held in the Royal Venetian Chamber, Holborn Restaurant, on Friday, January 9th, 1925, at 7 o'clock. The Chair will be taken by Herbert Vicars, with George Fores as Vice-Chairman.



THE first dinner of The Double Crown Club was held at The Florence Restaurant, on October 31st. The club has been formed for people who have been actively interested in good printing, and each year it will crown two books for the beauty of their production. One of these books must cost less than 15s. 6d., the other will be crowned without any consideration of price. Every member will receive annually a copy of both books. At each dinner of the club the menu will be drawn up and designed by an individual member, and will be of interest on account of the type of printing which it will illustrate.



DEAN INGE : A Portrait

by Victoria Monkhouse

POETRY

The Wrecks of the Galleons of Spain

(An improvisation, after reading Stephen Graham's "In Quest of El Dorado")

I

TO prove to my soul, and the infinite sea,
 That great new fantastics were coming to me,
 I was burning the world, like a bridge, behind me.
 I was walking in water, so no one could find me.
 I was walking the "Old Spanish Trail," t'ward Biloxi,
 Far from my prairie home.
 On the left hand, the land.
 On the left hand, the land.
 On the right hand,
 The Sea, the Sea !

II

Twisted winds, coming down, from Heaven knows where.
 Beach-combing rains, combed sand, and air.
 The two fisted storms,
 The two fisted storms mixed fancy and foam.
 Blistered feet were mine.
 Sea weed,
 Sea weed was my hair . . .
 Dream sea-birds flew down on fanatical wings,
 Flew down through tremendous red-rainbow-rimmed rings
 They were speaking of glory,
 Speaking of death.
 Were shrieking creepy fanatical things.

III

Many unwritten books of mine, long forgotten,
 Resolves and pleasures and loves forgotten,
 Swept in with the driftwood and foamy flakes,

IV

But I said : " My brain with marvelling sings
That courage and sleep,
Courage and sleep are the principal things.
March on, sleep-walkers, till courage wakes.
March, while the sad heart breaks.
Whirl on like a leaf,
Then fight again.
Sleep and courage !
Sleep and courage—the fate of men ! "

V

It was there, on the proud Spanish trail, I was walking.
From the stormy right,
From the stormy right came the green sea talking.

VI

I was walking " The Old Spanish Trail," t'ward Biloxi,
Far from my prairie home.
On the left hand, the live oak groves.
On the left, the realistic earth, the solid loam,
The deep old loam.
Through the live-oak groves, where sweet lovers roam,
Were startling pathways, starry-white,
Revealed—
Revealed by the lightning and street-light,
Revealed—
Revealed by the lightning and street-light.

VII

Buzzing autos, like black bees,
Like black bees,
Hurried through the magnolia trees . . .
Then bill-boards, to make nations stare
Came in the vision in due line.
Then went like cliffs up to the sky,
American glories flaring high,
Festooned cartoons, an amazing mixture,
Politics, with all its tricks,
Both old parties in a fix,
Tea-pot Dome, and all that story,
Why were those bill-boards to the sky ?

Who put them there and why ?
 The snappy *Saturday Evening Post*—
 Advertising most,
 The noisiest things from coast to coast.
 Exaggerated Sunday papers,
 And Andy Gumps poor capers.
 Then soda fountains of the deep,
 Marble-topped, tremendous, steep.
 Then arrow-collar heroes proud,
 Holding their heads above the crowd.
 Then movie-queens in a daisy-chain,
 Then business kings in a daisy chain,
 Then a railroad map of the U.S.A.
 Then a soul-road map of the U.S.A.
 A sky-printed U.S.A.
 Washed by the midnight, sea-born rain
 Washed by the midnight, sea-born rain.

VIII

There were open boxes of fine cigars
 Big and bold as Pullman cars,
 And on the brass-bound lids of these
 Spain was pictured as you please.
 Flourishing masks and cigarettes,
 Clicking their ribboned castanets
 Were Gipsies in high-backed combs and shawls
 Strutting through the Alhambra's halls.
 Why were these box-lids to the sky ?
 Who fixed them that neat way, and why ?

IX

And then I thought the splendour had gone.
 I was in darkness,
 I was in darkness, plunging on.
 On the left were summer-resort and lawn.
 The flash of the trolley-car,
 The flash of the midnight train—
 The midnight train.
 And on the right . . .
 On the right, the beach sand,
 On the right, the sea mist,
 On the right : little waves, then great waves,
 Then masts and shafts, then the wrecks of rafts,
 Then the wrecks of the Galleons of Spain.

X

First red coins, then jewels,
 Then land-birds, then sea-birds,
 Then the wrecks of the Galleons of Spain,
 Rolling by, rolling on in the rain,
 Rolling by, rolling on in the foam.

XI

First dead star-fishes, then phosphorescent worms,
 First dead cuttle-fishes, then dead sharks,
 First drowned parrots, then drowned peacocks,
 First waves like marsh-grass, then like snow-mountains
 Then like fair Castilian fountains,
 Then waves like horses, waves like bulls,
 Like Spanish farm and fort and dome,
 Like marching priests, then misty cathedrals,
 Like hovel, tent and cottage home,
 Then the wrecks of the Galleons of Spain,
 Rolling by, rolling on in the rain,
 Rolling by, rolling on in the foam.
 First waves like Seminoles, then waves like negroes.
 First waves like elephants, then waves like Arabs,
 First waves like Turks, then waves like Frenchmen,
 Waves like living men, waves like weary men,
 Waves like dead and dying men,
 Like long dead men . . .

XII

First love-calls, then death-cries,
 First drowned Spanish beauties, then drowned British pirates,
 First nuns of Quetzal, then friars of Quetzal,
 Then nuns of Christendom, then friars of Christendom,
 First drowned Incas, then drowned Montezumas,
 Then the wrecks of the Galleons of Spain,
 Rolling by, rolling on in the rain,
 Rolling by, rolling on in the foam.

XIII

And I said : " My mind with marvelling sings
 That courage and sleep,
 Courage and sleep are the principal things."
 For there came dead eagles, then dead panthers,
 Then dead Spanish legions from the deep-sea regions,

While increasing rain whipped the sea and the air.
 Then came there a cheering cheering sound,
 Then came there a cheering cheering sound,
 Bullrings slowly whirling around,
 Bullrings, bullrings, round and round,
 Bullrings, bullrings, round and round,
 Then singing troubadours, singing matadors,
 Then the wrecks of the Galleons of Spain
 Rolling by, rolling on in the rain,
 Rolling by, rolling on in the foam.

XIV

Past me, on t'ward Biloxi,
 Waves like great caves, waves like wheat-fields,
 Then simpering dwarf, then snapping gnome,
 Round table crusaders, then world-paraders,
 Lean kings, in shining silver line,
 Singing songs like Spanish wine,
 Singing, in eternal sleep,
 Lifted, singing, from the deep,
 Then the wrecks of the Galleons of Spain,
 Rolling by, rolling on in the rain,
 Rolling by, rolling on in the foam.

XV

Then I saw the bad Pizzaro,
 Then that rapscallion Cortez,
 Dim hours of dewy Jungle glow,
 Hours of Peru and Mexico,
 Then the wild seeker Coronado,
 With all his furious train,
 Foaming by in the rain,
 Singing in eternal sleep,
 Lifted, singing from the deep,
 Then the tall town of Eldorado
 Passing by, like a rain and a shadow,
 And then I saw a girl more pale
 Than any Spaniard ever shone,
 A white light in the southern night
 Cold as the north auroral light

Reigning over the sea alone,
My heart was like a burning world,
I saw it flame above the dawn,
Her robe, her footstool and her throne,
But she was like a moon and pearl
And like an alabaster stone,
"Dulcinea del Toboso" named,
Great fairy-queen forever famed,
The world's lost heart, the world's dream-heart,
Sweetheart of fine Don Quixote,
Reigning in the dawn, apart . . .
Then she was gone, the dawn was gone,
Black storm, Black storm ! And I plunged on !
Then lightning bolts across the sky !
Then a great bubble, like a dome,
Then Sancho Panza, then Don Quixote,
Singing of love like honeycomb,
Then windmills, windmills, round and round,
Then windmills, windmills, round and round,
Then windmills, windmills, round and round,
Then a great storm, a fearful cry, a bell of doom, a tolling sound.

Then . . .
The wrecks of the Galleons of Spain,
Rolling by, rolling on in the rain,
Rolling by, rolling on in the foam.

VACHEL LINDSAY

The Argument

WHY does he never sing of street and town,
 The labouring life of men, the friendly stir
 Of crowds and the familiar touch of kindness
 Softening griefs, the troubled unhushing air ?

Why sings he only of sad naked hills,
 Forlornest forests darkening with mystery,
 Cold kinless downs where only ghosts are walking,
 The menacing thunders of the chill-lipped sea ?

* * * *

Not reared by forces wanton, wild and harsh,
 But made by hands like mine for needs like mine.
 Heaved from the dust, serene amid corruption,
 And like old airs yet echoing fond and fine ;

Paul's like a giant amid the west wind's snows
 Heaped round his head ; the 'Thames' time-blanchèd Hold,
 Still watchful as a toothless shag-haired mastiff ;
 The eyeless fortress of the nation's gold ;

The many altars of a Church that stays
 Honoured, unhearkened, like some fading Dame
 Whose rule is passed, deep in her drowsy mutterings,
 Beautiful altars of a dwindling flame ;

And those, the comely houses, that yet bloom
 Perennial mid the waste of slate and stone,
 Than trees in any droughty land more welcome,
 Or willow'd waters in a shire unknown ;

Palaces, terraces, towers, the exuberant blossom
 Of man's imagination and delight,
 Painfully builded out of his quick fantasy
 To outface the fantasy of death and night ;—

Why sings your poet never of these, nor sings
 Of the inhabitants of all that maze
 Of seething streets, the town's slow heaving-entrails,
 Where the sun sullenly shines and the wind strays

Like a sick-spirited cur that sniffs and snarls,
And seasons palely burgeon, shrivel and fall ?
Why is your singer silent amid the murmur
Of hearts that shake, nor know on Whom to call ?

Mirth sleeps with sadness, pride lies down with want,
Men live, and know not why, nor why they die,
Strung on a necklace down the breast of Being
Until sleep falls—then all forgot put by.

But look, your singer takes his moody way
As these were not and all the world was mute,
Save the owl with the hunched woods conferring
And the wind fingering a hillside flute.

Wherefore the world he heeds not heeds not him,
Each scornful, each enwrapt with dream or care,
Sundered though brothers : he with his worshipped Nature,
They with unwasting hope or shy despair.

Why sings he not—

His secret is not mine.

I cannot tell, except his spirit is filled
With ancient shadows withdrawing into darkness,
Echoes whose note exalts, and then is stilled.

Not Nature's worshipper—her born slave he,
Hunted with visions, stung with sudden bliss ;
Loving or unloving, still her fatal vassal,
Betraying or betrayed with any kiss.

Remote her purpose but her whims in fire
Charactered, and smouldering in sombre sign ;
She of his blood is the eternal torment,
Sly Gipsy, with flushed cheeks and eyes malign.

How should he answer save that Gipsy's breath ?
Even in the scurf'd and greedy town he spies
Her fluttering shape, her tawny tatters seizes,
Follows her bloodied feet and haunting eyes.

She in the soft yew heaves, from brambled tomb
And scarpèd hill mocks with her whispered, *Here !*
Where the generations of his blood are lying,
He feels the dust stir as his dust steps near.

Maybe he cannot choose but hark, and cry
 Out of reverted muse when the past sweeps
 Trampling, triumphant, and the humbled present
 Sinks and a palsy through each member creeps.

In that quick company he draws again
 Through woods of hush, and myriad gaze that burns,
 By falling, falling streams ; and from the hill-slope
 Stares at a distant glittering dust—and turns.

JOHN FREEMAN.

From our Ghostly Enemy

THE fire was already white ash
 When the lamp went out
 And the clock at that signal stopped :
 The man in the chair held his breath
 As if Death were about.

The Moon shone bright as a lily
 On his books outspread.
 He could read in that lily light :
 “ When you have endured your fill,
 Kill ! ” the book read.

The print being small for his eyes,
 To ease their strain
 A hasty candle he lit,
 Keeping the page with his thumb.
 “ Come, those words again ! ”

But the book he held in his hand
 And the page he held
 Spelt prayers for the sick and needy.
 “ By God, they are wanted here,”
 With fear his heart swelled.

“ I know of an attic ghost,
 Of a cellar ghost,
 And of one that stalks in the meadows
 But here’s the spirit I dread,”
 He said, “ the most.

" Who without voice or body
Distresses me much,
Twists the ill to holy, holy to ill,
Confuses me, out of reach
Of speech or touch.

" Who works by moon or by noon,
Threatening my life.
I am sick and needy indeed."
He then went filled with despairs
Upstairs to his wife.

He told her these things, adding
" This morning alone
Writing, I felt for a match-box :
It rose up into my hand
Understand, on its own.

" In the garden yesterday
As I walked by the beds,
With the tail of my eye I caught
' Death within twelve hours '
Written in flowers' heads."

She answered him, simple advice
But new, he thought, and true.
" Husband, of this be sure
That whom you fear the most
This ghost, fears you.

" Speak to the ghost and tell him
' Whoever you be,
Ghost, my anguish equals yours ;
Let our cruelties therefore end.
Your friend let me be '."

He spoke, and the ghost, who knew not
How he plagued that man,
Ceased, and the lamp was lit again,
And the dumb clock ticked again
And the reign of peace began.

Cottage Ease

COULD you have eyed the chink of light that fled
The redly curtained window at that hour,
A sudden-lighted vision had been sped
Of old age blooming to a perfect flower :
A pictured fireside scene of cottage ease—
A dog, old wife and farmer, only these . . .

Her words upon the quiet fell at last :
“ I loved him then . . . ” Low whispered words that shriek
And stab the minds there to a buried past.
Within her bounding brain in guise antique
There danced another face than his now hers
And passionate hours of flowering youth, and blurs

Of memoried kisses in the owl-claimed dusk
By Beyndon waters bright with daffodils,
Where moon-warm evenings fell like fragrant musk
And sweetest beauty slept upon the hills . . .
The old man stirred for screaming murder done
In his own dreams by him with battering gun . . .

“ Ay, them were narking times for me ! ” he said.
The dog whined to his dreams, then silence fell.
Could you have eyed the chink of light that fled
The curtained window, sweetly would you tell
Of pictured fireside peace and cottage ease—
The dog, old wife and farmer, only these. . . .

F. V. FOLLETT

Laudabo

FOR days complete of sky and sun
And miracle of summer sea
And all the singing rapture won
Through thoughts completed ecstasy
For these I thank with reverence meet
The Deity of things complete.

But still for things more dear and far
The sunset slanting through the rain,
The face of some adventurous star
That hailed me from the plashy lane.
For these with deeper love I thank
The deities of lesser rank
The rulers of the things apart
Masters of gleams and vanishings
The guardians of the utmost marge
The Lords of uncompleted things
Who had my questing thought in charge
When, through dim brain and wearied heart,
And overweighted spirit thrilled
The rapture of the unfulfilled.

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN

THE HOME TOWN

By MILTON WALDMAN

HIGH, high up in the spire of a New York office building (higher than the forty storeys which is the maximum that the foreigner's imagination, even when abetted by observation, seems able to compass) sat a depressed and lonely little man. He was lonely because he was alone, and unaccustomed to so being ; his present occupation was to discover why he was depressed.

The little man was a very important person. On the door by which one entered one might read in reverse, " Powell, Prescott and Shipton, Publicity and Advertising Engineers. Henry J. Powell, Pres." Though the letters appeared black through the frosted pane, on the other side they were bright gold. If, after entering one looked over Mr. Powell's head through the window beyond, where the streets and roofs of New York extended to the south, one saw a few of the things for which he was celebrated. Not many hundred yards out of that window is the famous *Lesson in Economy*, the masterpiece commissioned by the Bungalow Savings and Trust Company. It is an animated electric sign, which at night shows the reception of depositors' money at a window of the bank, its passage to a huge transparent safe wherein the piles of currency and checks undergo a metamorphosis into bricks, lumber, bathtubs, and shrubbery, and fly away to a garden spot in the suburbs to arrange themselves into neat little bungalows of an exact pattern with rows of neighbours of similar origin. At the conclusion of the performance, which requires about three minutes, all lights go out save those in the most recent bungalow, on the steps of which are seen a man, a woman, a small boy and a dog, above the ruby caption " You can Do This Too ! "

A quarter of a mile further on is visible the radiantly coloured *tableau vivant* of the Searchlight Stores, entitled *Nothing Too Good for Milady*, which, around the charming figure of a modish young woman, exhibits, in smaller pictures, the Searchlight's myrmidons stalking tigers, leopards and cobras' skins in the jungles of India, ostriches' feathers in the deserts of Africa, caterpillars' skeins in a sleepy garden in Japan ; one beholds the pearl divers in the shimmering waters of the Orient, and chained gangs of Kaffirs plucking diamonds out of the obdurate rock in Rhodesia. But a few steps further, on the other side of the street, is the striking *Don't Be Miserable When Enjoying Yourself*, which presents an invalid and her nurse contentedly reading novels while being wafted over the worst of roads in a Monotone Motor, whilst on a parallel and greatly superior road a competing car and its occupants are being gradually disintegrated. The editor of a magazine for which Mr. Powell had once written an autobiographical article had presented his contributor as " The Monarch of the Upper Reaches of American Cities," a just, but inadequate tribute to his manifold activities.

For Mr. Powell was more than a mere creator of striking advertisement displays. He was, in his way, a philosopher, and in the modern sense a poet as well. In the article referred to he expounds the philosophy of publicity as it has never been done before. He demonstrates clearly and succinctly that publicity, like all the best poetry, is a form of self-expression ; only the advertiser, instead of informing the reader of the state of his private feelings, often an awkward affair to the latter, or proclaiming the beauty of Nature's handiwork, which the public is well able to observe and judge for itself, reveals the merit of the thing which his (the advertiser's) creative urge, and perhaps Fate, have set him to producing. Publicity thus redounds to the common weal in two ways : by holding the advertiser to a high standard and by elevating the taste of the public to a level which it could never attain without the explanatory counsels of the expert makers of the things the public required. For example, the manufacturer of rubber heels, by illustrating to the pedestrian reader the advantages of his conception, makes a promise, sets for himself an ideal which it is both his duty and pleasure to live up to ; while the pedestrian, if not thus made aware of the maker's ideal, would either be sapping his vitality by continuing to bustle about on leather heels, or his purse, by ignorantly satisfying himself with inferior rubber ones. The article concludes :

The world can't *guess* the work you've done,
'Tis *you* must let it know,
'Twill give you then the prize you've won,
And, giving it, will glow.

The photograph of the author, which accompanied the article was at first sight disappointing. One anticipated that a man who had done big things would keep his appearance in harmony with his achievements ; but instead of the burly shoulders, broad face, square jaw, thin lips and aquiline nose which the reader expected to see, he was confronted with the portrait of a round, stoop-shouldered little man, whose black hair was brushed back from his forehead in Beethoven fashion, whose eyes were deep-set and speculative rather than keen, and whose chin violated all the canons by merely rounding off in a perfunctory way the boyish contours of his cheeks. He wore a black coat of ministerial cut and a flowing black tie. Yet, to those who knew him, Powell's appearance was the best possible index to his character. They were astounded by his miracles, but stood in awe of his dreams.

Now, for the first time in forty years of activity, he felt lonely and depressed. His success, achieved always in the company of men and by dint of untiring effort, had hitherto left no room for either emotion. There was always something to do, somebody to see, at best and worst some pleasant creative vision to think about. But a week since, business being dull, his associates had departed in a body and gone their separate ways to observe the ritual of Old Home Week. This latter, a ceremony springing jointly from native sentimentality and respect for humble beginnings, requires that the men in the cities who have made their way in the big

world should retrace their steps to the towns and villages which have given them birth and join in tribute to its virtues. All the absent are welcome, but the occasion is dedicated rather to the successful than to the prodigal sons.

So Prescott and Shipton and the younger partners, Wynn, Jacobson, Bottinelli, Senkowsky, and the rest took leave, and now, five days later, the head of the firm sat in his studio of gleaming mahogany, leather and brass, perusing their exuberant accounts of the various local festivities. Prescott wrote from a little desert village in the Southwest of a Chamber of Commerce dinner in his honour, of a political conference for the selection of a congressional candidate in which his opinion was deferred to, of being asked to lead the subscription towards a War Memorial in the public square. Wynn, in his best "copy" manner, chronicled a round of rustic frolics in Minnesota. Bottinelli sent him a clipping from a newspaper in a Southern California town, which related the installation of a stained glass window in the church where the young Italian had been christened and in which he now made the dedicatory address. And so on, each in his turn contributing to his chief's forlorn sense of being out of it all. He had few friends besides associates, and they were absent on similar missions, as he knew from a week of solitary luncheons and dinners. It was a dreadful thing, he reflected, for a man to have no interests outside his profession. These others had something to carry them on, to look forward to. It made life more complete, more harmonious, to have the roots of one's aspirations in one's beginnings, to wish to honour one's past by means of one's future.

He looked back and recalled the early years from which his manhood had so completely divorced itself. Born in a village in south-eastern England, he had emigrated with his father, long since dead, to New York. Many other images now intervened between himself and the one he was trying to reconstruct, the dormant blur of red roofs and green fields which was Edginden as he had last seen it. Gradually the focus became clearer and he saw a valley and two intersecting roads which wound their yellow lengths rapidly away over the surrounding hills and disappeared. At their intersection was a gray church steeple, a few shops clustered in two rows on the north-and-south road, some gray, some yellow, some burnt red, a few timbered or brick houses more openly spaced, then the fields beyond, with the white wall or tiled gable of a farmhouse revealed through the trees—old, old trees, sycamores, tall oaks, chestnuts in full white bloom; he wondered what an Old Home Week would be like in Edginden.

He doubted that it would be a success. Very few of Edginden's sons went away. Those that did seldom came back, never for the purpose of paying a tribute of sentiment to their birth place. Besides, there was little that Edginden wanted, very little indeed. It grumbled extensively, but seemed only in need of those things which Providence alone could supply. He tried to picture himself returning to join with other absent ones in receiving welcome and admiration, in dispensing bounty of cheer and money. He found that he could not even recall the faces of any absent ones, or in fact of anyone likely to be still alive. Of what good—

He went to the window. Over the roofs and spires of New York he could see the Atlantic glittering in the setting sun. A slim silvery object was moving rapidly out into the bay, its ribbon of smoke settling slowly down on the unruffled water behind it. He unconsciously put his hands behind his back, in Napoleon fashion, and narrowed his eyes. It was worth the trying, anyway, he decided ; at least he knew that nothing else would ease the new-born ache in his heart.

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London pleased and puzzled him. It gave him an impression, first, of vast size ; through mile upon mile of small brick houses, one just like the other, the train raced to Waterloo Station—so many miles of repetition ; he felt as one does in a semi-dream, when time loses all proportion ; only his watch showed him that the row he was seeing at any instant was an actual extension in space, not in his imagination, of all the others he recalled seeing. The bustle of the station, huge and ugly, the ceaseless, punctuated buzz of queer vocal inflections that awoke old echoes, the enormous taxicab, more like a private car, save for its dirt and decrepitude, and again rows of houses as like as peas. It was endless—infinately larger than New York, with its variety and its immovable water boundaries. It was late at night when he finished his dinner, and he was too tired to leave the hotel for further investigation, but he fell asleep with the curious reflection that all comparisons he had seen or heard of between New York and London were the exact reverse of the truth . . . the latter was infinitely the greater in its mass of teeming life, but rough, inchoate, not nearly so finished as the former.

Next day confirmed his impression. He sauntered about, examining everything attentively, minutely, reconstructively, he might have said, the while unconscious of the curious glances he attracted ; the broad black hat which he affected intensified the peculiar inward concentration of his eyes and enhanced the contrast with the youthful, indecisive curve of the lips and jaw above the negligé collar and flowing black tie. What opportunities to remake this enormous London, to shape this formless monster's endless possibilities ! The buildings seemed stunted, totally inadequate to house the world-famous businesses whose clumsy signs he saw on them. He found his London correspondents, a firm of indisputable skill, importance and solvency, in a side street, occupying a narrow house four storeys high, and entered by a former servants' doorway ; its floors sagged, its stairways creaked, and no amount of paint and electricity could raise it to his conception of what was due to the business it housed. After long search he stumbled by mere chance on the offices of a periodical with whom he annually spent thousands, to find its affairs placidly going on in a converted stable in an old courtyard. The narrow streets offered, on a larger scale, the tangle of horse, vehicle and pedestrian to be seen in any American farm town overcrowded by market day. The electric signs of Piccadilly

Circus and Leicester Square which would have caused his associates to guffaw, brought a frown to his forehead. So many people, so much riches—and how carelessly employed.

Before long he began to wish that he could start at the beginning and put some system into this amiable, haphazard metropolis. His desire was extremely practical. He knew it would not do to take the whole thing down and build it up again on carefully planned lines. That would be too expensive, and he was aware that there might be prejudices against so drastic a proceeding. He merely desired earnestly to use in a proper manner the material now being so sinfully wasted. As an instance, one couldn't straighten the Thames, of course, useful as that might be; but one could put to better purpose the many open spaces of its bridge-heads to relieve their uninformative blackness at night—although in this respect he saw immature efforts at improvement. He wanted to knock out the dingy shop windows that prevailed everywhere, even in the West End, and replace them with something worthy of Fifth Avenue.

Even outside the question of rebuilding, on small scale or large, Powell was pained by the neglect of opportunities that fairly shrieked at him for recognition and adoption. To disregard them indicated either lack of vision in the English, or downright sloth. Perhaps it was due to the race's well-known self-satisfaction. But what just a little imagination could do. He recalled with what eagerness he had undertaken the publicity for a New York restaurant which boasted seventy-five years of active life. "The stock which conquered the West and fought the Civil War found sustenance at this historic hostelry. Lincoln ate here while on his arduous campaign for the Presidency; it was Grant's first stopping place after being banquetted in all the palaces of the world. Three-quarters of a century's experience in the polite art of entertaining ensures you those amenities which, to the epicure, are *sine qua non* when dining out." And here almost hourly he saw restaurants scattered from Richmond to the City whose weatherbeaten signs diffidently proclaimed three hundred years of uninterrupted cookery. What could they not boast of in the way of association, of rich material for justifiable *réclame*. Without doubt there were still extant tables in those places under which Cromwell and Wellington had put their boots, pegs on which plumed Cavalier and stiff Puritan hats had hung side by side. A complacent smile lingered for a moment as he recalled how neatly he had effected the sale of Schindler, the antique dealer's, two colonial chairs, in which Clay and Webster were supposed to have sat while visiting a famous Concord wit. *The Seats of the Mighty* was the neat caption by which the attention of newspaper readers was attracted to the photograph of the chairs convincingly occupied by the shades of the departed statesmen, and within twenty-four hours a millionaire had purchased them for ten thousand dollars.

He made profound calculations on the revenue Westminster Abbey would derive from the proper dissemination of facts regarding its peculiar relation to the nation's great dead; a quantity of judiciously prepared,

wisely distributed newspaper paragraphs illustrating in word and picture the glory of *The Fane of Fame*, as he mentally entitled it, would probably, in the course of ten years or so, enable it to double its available space for coronations, etc. He wandered about the Tower with a guide and a compatriot, and received the latter's cordial agreement to a suggestion that a special 'bus line from Charing Cross would not only make the great monument more accessible, but would soon pay for itself if the vehicles were made in the form of tumbrils (he was not quite sure whether sixteenth-century England employed tumbrils, but that could be adjusted later), and the driver and the conductor attired, say, as Walter Raleigh and a headsman.

He left Victoria Station in the morning, having purchased half-a-dozen magazines to beguile the journey, but as the train issued into open country, which he had previously traversed in the dark, he forgot them in an unexpected interest in the countryside. In a very few minutes he had gained a more favourable impression of British advertising capacities than a week in London had given him. The signs were, indeed, fewer to the mile than in the best parts of the United States, but they were undeniably on the increase. From a professional point of view he found them sufficiently large and colourful, and on the whole well designed as regards employment of space. His only criticism was directed at their literary weakness. Here, for instance, was a blue background, a red and white tin, and the legend "Buy Tucker's Tinned Spinach—it saves Time." The alliteration was not bad, but the idea was primitive, an archaism in advertising. Here, a mile further along, was a merry Roundhead in a green coat offering the passer-by a glass of liquid with the words "I drank it in 1650—it's even better to-day." That was all right to begin with, he thought, his lips pursed like an infant's in doubt, but more could be made of it. He reflected a moment, and smiled happily to himself as the vision of the board repainted flashed on him :

We distilled our first whisky in 1650

We have averaged 10,000 cases a year since

No customer of ours ever voted for Prohibition.

It was only a rough sketch, but it pleased him, and he looked forward to his mission with content.

He arrived at Edginden before he was aware, and for a moment looked about him in bewilderment. What had been an adventurous descent forty years ago had passed unnoticed in the railway carriage, and the little gray railroad station failed to fit into the picture. He passed down the stone platform, noticing coloured posters inviting one to exotic South coast watering places he had never heard of, engaged a lonely Ford and in a quarter of an hour found himself at the Unicorn. As he stepped out of the car the smoke of the railroad train was just fading into the trees at the brow of the hill to the west. It vanished, and Edginden seemed to appear from behind it unchanged from half-a-century before. The Unicorn himself, imperceptibly faded, was pawing with his forelegs one side of the

shield-shaped sign from the top of which his horn protruded. Through the low curtained bow-window was still faintly visible the portrait of a rubicund gentleman in wig and red coat ; the only sounds might have been echoes from the past—chickens flapping their wings in a nearby yard, the rumble of a distant cart, the creak and drip of water being drawn from a well. Suddenly he heard a winnowing machine ; he lifted his head, detected a faint odour of petrol, looked about inquiringly, and pushed the green door of the inn.

An ample, white-haired old lady gave him an unsmiling welcome, ignored his request for a room with a bath, informed him that dinner would be cold and served at half-past seven, and disappeared. A red-faced maid, in black calico dress and white apron immediately issued from another door and led the way up a flight of narrow, steep and noisy stairs. Her long legs moved so rapidly that his short ones were unable to keep up, and he only found his room by searching around until he perceived his black patent leather bag on a bed almost as high as himself. The maid had gone, but reappeared several moments later with a pitcher of hot water, following her own knock so closely that he had no time to recover the substantial portion of his garments he had already removed.

The window of his room gave on the hills ; for a long time he stood regarding their smooth rectangular patches of emerald and bronze ; his eye followed the road past fence and house and barn to the purple of the crest ; and a feeling of forlornness came over him compared to which the lonesomeness of the week in New York was vague and feeble. It being due merely to the absence of people he cared about, their return sooner or later would have made it right. For this there was no cure ; it came out of the essential isolation in which all human beings live, that terrible isolation against which men devise the most fantastic activities, in order to avoid facing it. It was like his first illness after his mother's death, when his pains and fears seemed to mean nothing to anyone. He decided to go downstairs and have a drink with the landlady.

The latter had no objection to his drinking, but declined to join him. The bar was empty, it being outside of hours. He ordered a whisky and soda, and drank it slowly ; he detested the stuff and was a teetotaller on principle, but lacked the courage to drink his favourite orange squash in this environment. Besides he realised that the latter was not an avenue to the sociability he craved.

" Nice place you have here," he began.

" There's worse," she replied.

Not being in a position to debate this he began afresh.

" Do you get many Americans here ? "

" Some. Are you an American ? "

He warmed at this first indication of personal interest, slight as it was.

" Yes—that is, I live there. As a matter of fact, I was born in England."

" Couldn't tell it any more," she commented, wiping up the counter and significantly setting out a fresh glass. " Which part ? "

He had braced himself for this moment. "Right here, in Edginden," he said, in the soft voice he reserved for the announcement of his most startling projects.

This time she was clearly interested. She scrutinised him carefully and said, "It's queer I don't remember you. I know everybody who has ever lived in these parts this sixty years."

"My father was George Powell."

She reflected an instant. "I remember," she finally declared. "He was from Portsmouth and married Jacob Gunn's girl; the old man set them up in a shop there, but it didn't go and they came here to live on the farm. I remember when you were born; you were only a little fellow when your mother died and your father took you off to America." She mused a moment. "Just fancy, you being Sarah Gunn's boy." In her abstraction she returned the glass to its place on the shelf behind her.

Thus was Powell welcomed home. In a general way his reception elsewhere resembled Mrs. Unicorn's (this being the name by which he thought of the landlady). Those that remembered him as a boy, like those that did not, viewed him with curiosity as a tripper rather than as a son come home. When he gave an impressive sum toward the restoration of the church roof, which had for years bided this event, relying meantime on the slender revenue derived from the solicitation of a torn sheet of paper in the vestibule, he received a formal letter of thanks from a committee and a shy, grateful handshake from the rector, but neither mentioned his sentimental reason for the act, nor treated it as other than the gift of a whimsically-minded rich man.

The end of a week found him as far removed from the end of his mission as if he had never come. By now he had company to drink with him in the bar and most of the natives greeted him in the street, pointing him out as the donor of the large sum toward the church's restoration; but any of this might have happened to any stranger. He wanted to be there as of right, to be at home while he remained, regretted as a departing son when he left. He realized that thus far he had moved little towards that happy goal. He had made no enduring impression; these people were as far from understanding the warm impulse he felt to pour out his energies in their behalf, to receive their cordial assurance of mutual bond and kinship, as he was from understanding how they found life permanently tolerable without electric light, gas or bathtubs. He wanted earnestly to plant some seed which would not only blossom into a thing of utility and beauty for Edginden, but would in its very nature prove to succeeding generations of its children that only one of themselves could have conceived the idea of it.

Numerous tentative projects floated through his brain, but the most favoured children of his imagination all seemed ill-suited to his purpose. The best, the only gift worthy of the name was the power of growth, and he could see no possibility of expansion in Edginden. He might set on foot tactfully a wide publicity campaign to set forth the unique advantages of the place, but he frankly doubted that it had any. There was no manufacturing,

and no logical reason why any enterprising manufacturer should choose it for a site. He was reasonably certain that it would not, unlike the thriving small towns of America, buy up tracts of land and offer them gratis as an inducement. Nor could he conceive that the local squire, a stentorian fox-hunting giant who owned the land at both ends of the village, would sanction the placing of signboards, no matter how artistic, and for no matter what public purpose, in his domain. He was sure that these people wanted their town to grow, that was only human. But how to achieve it, how to overcome their dimly perceived prejudices and make them all pull together toward this end, for that he was beginning to despair of finding a solution.

Then, one day, he unexpectedly found it. He was passing Roger Martin's shop and decided to drop in. Martin was his most intimate acquaintance in Edginden. Each vaguely remembered the other as a boyhood playmate, and each had a dislike of whisky, which drew them together in a corner of the Unicorn's cosy pub. Martin had an unlimited curiosity about the New World, and Powell a tireless pleasure in gratifying it.

The shop, in a more pretentious locality, would have been called an antique shop. Here it served a more humble and daily need; though filled with quantities of old vases, pots, bowls, urns, cups and other household articles in copper, pewter and brass, with a fair sprinkling of old chairs, tables and chests in oak and walnut, its chief business was to supply Edginden homes, and particularly its kitchens, with the commonplace utensils necessary for containing and cooking. The sale of old things was subordinate to their mending, and to the making of new things.

Powell enjoyed watching almost any form of human activity, and found his place in Martin's old wing armchair soothing; it was where he always sat while exchanging sentences with the latter between the agreeable strokes of hammer on copper. The place was silent, however, as he entered, and its owner was standing by his work-table, which was pushed against the rear windows of the shop, overlooking a tiny walled garden now abloom with red tulips and purple iris. Martin was a little man, smaller even than Powell; his grey hair was thin at the top, but thick, crisp and curly over his neck and ears; his distinguishing features were red, wrinkled cheeks which dimpled when he smiled, merry twinkling eyes, a disorderly white and black moustache, and prominent upper teeth. At the moment he was attentively examining a bronze vase, in the form of a cylinder imposed on the flattened top of a sphere. He nodded over his shoulder to his visitor.

"This has just come over from your country," he said. "A lady who passed this way once and bought some of my things sent it to me from San Francisco to see if I could copy it. She wants to make them both into lamps. Isn't it a beauty?" He lovingly fingered the dull patine of the bronze, lifting it in both hands.

Powell was impressed by something else, however. So this little fellow had a clientele extending to San Francisco. Strange. "Do you often sell things in America?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," responded the smith, still caressing the vase. "I've a number now to go to New York and Boston. There are some of my things in India and Australia, too," he added proudly. "Hardly a month passes without my getting an order from abroad."

Powell remained silent, thinking rapidly. So there was an activity of Edginden with a fame beyond its confines. These bits of brass and copper were known and desired by folk living at the ends of the earth.

"Why do you keep such a small shop?" he demanded suddenly.

Martin set the vase down; it gave the deep-toned ring of the G string of a violin gently brushed in passing. "It's bigger than I need now," he said, turning round in surprise.

"But you could extend the business, couldn't you? If you already have customers in San Francisco and Sydney, in New York and—" the alliteration failed him and he hurried on, "Why man, you could make a big thing of this."

Martin had before this failed to follow the American's mental flights; now he stood puzzled, his hands holding the shoulder-straps of his long blue apron, his head on one side like a sparrow's, looking down on the other.

"But all that doesn't keep me and Jim busy full time." Jim, the assistant, was at this moment occupied in wheeling a crying infant up and down the walk in front of the shop, the while its mother was at the chemist's two doors away. "I've had more work outside of Edginden this year than ever before, and I still have plenty of space and time to spare."

"Yes, but listen, man!" Powell was in the full ecstasy of sudden inspiration. He got up and walked over to the other; his eyes seemed to come out of their shadowy retreat and were flashing. "Don't you see that if there is a little demand for your stuff, you can make a big one? It isn't as if you were limited to this place. Put your wares out into the world. Advertise! I'll bet all I've got you can triple your business in a year and make it a hundred times as big in three. People are going in for the old-fashioned stuff. Why, I'll do the job for you for nothing. I'll make your shop and Edginden famous. This is the chance I've been looking for. Give me a free rein and Martin's Brass and Copper will be known wherever English is spoken, and then some!" He was aflame with his vision. He saw himself at last in his proper rôle, his ordained relation to his native place.

"But how?" persisted the bewildered little shopkeeper. "If you just doubled the business it would be too big for me; I couldn't do the work."

"You wouldn't have to," snapped the other; then, lowering his voice and putting his hand on the other's shoulder, continued. "Quantity production! That's the answer. It's my function in the world to show people how to sell large quantities of things. That's efficiency, economy. It makes more and better things, and everybody happier. We'll instal the proper equipment, and you will just watch and see that the thing's done right. We'll put up a model plant, get in outside labour—why man, can't you see what this will mean to you and your town?"

But Martin's troubled expression, instead of vanishing, became more anxious. "I don't think you can make these things with machinery," he explained plaintively, "I've made most of the metal utensils in the village myself, but sometimes they buy them outside, and very soon they are brought in for repair. Most often they are not worth the trouble. They are like that table in the garden—when Jim came to help me we were too busy to make one for him, so I had that one sent down from London. It's no good after two years. You can see how the top is warped and the legs have gone to pieces. This one I'm using my grandfather made."

The American cogitated a moment. "I don't see that," he affirmed presently. "Copper is copper, and brass is brass, and if you get the right material and see that it's made right, you will have done your part of the job. You can turn out the same designs a thousand times faster, and give employment to a thousand more men. Can't you see the difference it will make? We'll get the railroad to run right into the town instead of three miles off—why we'll put the place on the map!"

Martin became of a sudden very serious. "I—I'm not sure we want that. We had a hard time keeping the railroad out of here in the first place, and I'm afraid we couldn't do with a lot of strangers. It would turn things upside down. I've always done my best to please the people here and I know what they like. And when I bought a bed from Sam Greene or clothes from Bartlett or medicine from Rollo Hines I knew they were giving me their best, just what *I* wanted. We are sort of used to each other and understand each other. I don't think we should get along so well if we had a lot of new people to deal with." He was apologetic, diffident, eager to explain his position, but underneath, Powell felt, stubborn in his prejudices; for the first time he began to be slightly exasperated. Convinced not only of the worth of his intentions but of the soundness of the plan that had taken hold of him, feeling himself on the verge of bringing a great boon to Edginden, he was annoyed at the other's failure to fall into step with him. He was already visualizing the miraculous, mushroom growth with which he was familiar, for which he had often been largely responsible, and the unlooked for opposition dumbfounded him. He had often had difficulty in selling an idea, in convincing people that they would get their money's worth; he had never as yet encountered, even remotely, opposition to his underlying philosophy. It had never occurred to him that men might look otherwise on expansion. Martin, sweet of temper, and shy in manner, began to symbolise an obtuse, almost sullen unresponsiveness in the people he was so eager to serve. If only he could come to some common ground, if he could argue against objections he could understand. His hopes were being dashed to pieces on a rock so unsubstantial that he could not even see it.

"But what would the world be like if everybody—" he began, when the door opened and the proprietress of the Unicorn joined them, her parade to the back of the shop punctuated by the clatter of furniture and the toppling of metal ware. The aisle was narrow and irregular, Mrs. Unicorn very wide

and quite direct in her progress. She carried in her hand a copper tea-kettle of unusual pattern, the spout coming from the top of the kettle and issuing through a large, graceful handle.

She ignored Powell and addressed Martin directly.

"Roger, that girl of mine has gone and smashed this kettle against the stove," she said, exhibiting a gash in the fair copper surface. "Can you mend it?"

He took it from her and examined it carefully. A pathetic look of distress settled on his face. "I'll try, Miriam," he observed finally, "I shall let you know if I can't."

"Well, do it as soon as you can, and don't let it cost too much," she said pointedly, and took her departure.

As soon as she was out of the door Powell laughed. "Serve her right if you made her scrap this and sold her another kettle," he remarked, "she's tight as a vice."

Martin did not reply for a moment. He continued to examine the kettle, real pain showing in his eyes. He put aside the vase from San Francisco, selected some tools, lit his brazier. Finally he said to his companion, "I hope I can make this right. It's one of the best things I've ever turned out of this shop." He turned back to his work.

Powell's smile faded. The three-coloured, full-page advertisement he had been inwardly contemplating, which was to blazon to the world "Edginden for Excellence—Martin's Metalware is as durable and beautiful as the English village in which it was made" crumpled up and disappeared as if it had been dropped into a large fire. He pondered the other's words a moment, noting keenly at the same time how he fondled the injured utensil. An expression of understanding crept slowly over his face, and he stole out softly without disturbing the absorbed craftsman.

THE TWO MATCHMAKERS

By BASSETT DIGBY

SOMEHOW or other I cannot bring myself to believe that "business colleges" and schools of commerce are of such vital moment to a nation, even in these days of mercantile storm and stress, as we are led to suppose.

Here is a case in point.

Shortly after the Great War I spent some months in one of the six new republics constituting what West European diplomacy termed "Le Cordon Sanitaire." There was no formal mercantile instruction in this mushroom republic. Not much was to be expected of its commercial acumen, explained the British Trade Attaché, a young gentleman whose horror and consternation knew no bounds when he discovered that the Cabinet, while pitifully beseeching Britain to export coal, was simultaneously endeavouring to sell coal to me, for export to New York.

My protracted stay in the republic I accounted far from profitless, although its financial returns were lacking, for it enabled me to watch The Affair of the Two Matchmakers.

The origins and early history of these two gentlemen were enveloped in mystery. Such is usually the case in an East European commercial community where men change their names as frequently, and as insouciantly, in a season as a caterpillar changes its skin. . . .

There came a day when the Cabinet were confronted with a Minute from the Ministry for Home Affairs, drawing attention to the rapidly diminishing stocks of matches in the country, and the imminent necessity for their replenishment. The Ministry advised against the importation of supplies and advocated the establishment of a national match industry. The republic should be divided into two match zones, it continued, the East and the West. And a 5-year monopoly should be granted to a private enterprise to make matches for the East Zone, and to another private enterprise to make matches for the West Zone. A tax stamp should be placed on each box.

The Cabinet agreed.

Two manufacturers applied for the privilege. I will veil their identities and designate them as Stanislaus and Nicholas.

Now neither Stanislaus or Nicholas had ever made a match in his life, nor had either, I was credibly informed, the foggiest idea of how matches are made. But, being the only two applicants, each received a 5-Year Monopoly Zone. To Stanislaus fell the East Zone and to proud Nicholas the West Zone, which included the metropolis with its 80,000 citizens, and the chief provincial city, with its 12,000 inhabitants. Thereupon the two matchmakers drew from the Treasury a "study grant" of a few

hundred pounds, and journeyed to Sweden, the birthplace of the Good and Honest Match. . . .

On their return the republic's first two match manufactories were established, not, however, without stormy *contretemps*. The head chemist of the West Zone Monopoly, a worthy and simple man, if a scientific realist, was denounced by a fervent foreman, of the Orthodox Church, as Antichrist, and a lock-out prevailed until the Prime Minister brought along the venerable Archimandrite in a landau, to sprinkle the laboratory with holy water and to place his palsied hand on the chemist's head and bless him, in view of a wavering mob of workmen.

At the manufactory of the East Zone two clear-headed and reliable old crones, disciplinary martinets—to their undoing, who had been placed in responsible positions in the dipping room, were torn from their beds one night and burned at the stake, as witches. The Archimandrite, who was getting on in years and found night journeys by train a bugbear and a sore affliction, crossed himself vigorously when he heard the bad news, and could scarcely conceal his satisfaction that a *fait accompli* precluded the necessity of his being hustled to the spot, to testify as to the old ladies' innocence.

However, eventually things settled down and the republic began to produce its own matches. . . .

There is little to relate about the West Zone Monopoly. Nicholas threw himself heart and soul into his new responsibility. From the very first he turned out good matches. He strove incessantly to better them. Long after the workmen and girls had gone home in the evening he stayed at the manufactory, consulting with the heads of department, testing, computing, striving, questing the Holy Grail of the Perfect Safety Match.

In the East Zone there was trouble with the matches. Each box certainly contained fifty, in conformity with the declaration on the wrapper. But, from the very first, only forty-five would strike. This, Stanislaus announced, was due to the burning of the two old ladies who were the supervisors of dipping.

Before long only forty matches would strike. This was due to the poor quality of timber supplied by the foresters of the East Zone, for the sticks.

A month later only thirty matches would strike. This was due to the poor quality of paraffin supplied by the merchants of the East Zone, for impregnating the sticks.

Shortly afterwards only twenty matches would strike. This was due to the poor quality of the sulphur yielded by the mines and outcrops of the Province.

And then only ten—then only five, sometimes four—matches in each box would strike. This was due to a combination of all the other afflictions, coupled with unavoidable machinery trouble and the damp summer.

It was about this time that I had to visit the Eastern Zone. I went to the Ministry of Trade and enquired if a pass from the General Staff were necessary. The Assistant Minister of Trade, hitherto a prominent grocer

and provision merchant, himself visited the General Staff, to ascertain. Back he came, disconsolately. "Some," he explained with an ineffable shrug, "spik it yes. Some spik it no."

The "Noes" had it, in debating parlance, so far as I was concerned. I journeyed to the Eastern Zone.

There I found a remarkable state of affairs. Only the most patient, lazy, witless or phlegmatic men took life so leisurely as to strike but one match at a time. The argot of the Province had even been enriched by a word signifying "He who attempts to strike only one match"—"Ardnospicknik" (literally, "a 1-matcher").

"What! Employ So-and-So!" a farmer would cry. "He is an 'Ardnospicknik'!"

One had been accustomed, needing to light a lamp or a candle, to strike matches in sprays, in clusters, in festoons, in fat bunches. In towns and villages smokers never dreamed of getting a light from matches. It had become the custom to stop a passer-by and light one's cigarette or pipe from his.

If one asked a non-smoker for a light he would apologetically hand you a box containing some fifteen or twenty matches and say: "I fear it is too late. These are all I have left, and a few of the first thirty struck successfully."

In the tea-houses, the dram-shops and the hotels there had sprung up a gambling game with a name that was untranslatably idiomatic. I used to call it: "He loves me, He loves me not."

Each of a group of players put down a coin and the matchbox was passed round in rote. Whenever a match struck, the lucky striker picked up all the coins staked. It was an exciting game. I lost seven shillings and ninepence on it one night. (The following evening I won twenty-five shillings, however, by striking previously palmed English matches every now and then, when the amount of money on the table warranted the trouble).

It must not be thought that Stanislaus took this degeneration of his matches lying down. He was the picture of dejection. His cook bruited it abroad that he would eat hardly anything. Worry seamed his once smooth brow. His apologies were profuse, his promises strident, his optimism superb.

The day would come, he vowed, when the matches of the Eastern Monopoly would tower supreme before a wondering world, and the Wise Men of the Orient and the Supercilious Plutocrats of the Occident would come to the republic in their steam yachts and all humility, to learn how to make superb matches. Meanwhile, he was making enormous profits and the Treasury, enriched by the excise stamp on each box, had ordered new typewriters for all the Government offices, repainted the Metropolitan Cathedral, and given a substantial bonus to every Cabinet Minister.

The Cabinet were duly grateful. Stanislaus was summoned to the capitol, made a freeman of the city and decorated, "for eminent public

services," with the Order of the Treble-Headed White Eagle, an honour that carried with it a substantial annual grant.

Shortly afterward an Order in Council was made, and Nicholas was "carpeted," to hear his fate.

"Your contract and monopoly has been cancelled, as from to-day, declared the Prime Minister, sternly. "With a more thickly populated zone than Stanislaus, your sloth has produced only one-tenth of the fiscal revenue which has flowed in from the Eastern Zone. You are no patriot. Out with you, *miserable!*"

And Stanislaus slunk out, a ruined man, hastened by the sycophantic proddings of the rifle-butts of the Cabinet Guards. . . .

When I left the republic, a couple of months later, Stanislaus practically had the country in his pocket. . . .

How it makes one swell with national pride, on coming home to honest, true-blue Britain, to realise that wealth and honours never fall to unscrupulous monopolists in a community of such integrity as ours !

DIARY OF MAURICE HEWLETT

In Greece, 1914

II

Andritzena. Easter Sunday evening. Your telegram was a great joy. It was handed to me with great ceremony and before a vast assistance which thronged the narrow stairs and reminded me of the Poetry Book Shop on a gala day. The entire town is interested in us. We met one chap who spoke to us in American and began : " Well, how you fellers like this place ? " He had been five years in America and did little credit to the language. He came home for the war and was wounded at Chataldja by a shell—" too much damned bad, that was." He wanted us " fellers " to come and have a drink, but that could not be. But what I wanted to record was a pastoral scene in the mountains this morning. We wound up a rocky river bed and came out upon a plateau, all grass and little bushes. The air was full of sun and small bells. A flock of beautifully white sheep and goats was feeding there, guarded by an old shepherd with a white beard, and a young shepherd in a jolly cloak. They both had crooks like those of ours and saluted us all in turn. It was a real Arcadian pastoral—Pan and the young shepherd with a vengeance.

We start at four to-morrow to see Bassae at sunrise, return here for lunch and go on to Megalopolis on horseback getting there at eight. That's a long day, but we shall go light as the baggage and the cook will go on ahead and have dinner ready ; we shall want it.

Easter Monday. 13th April. 8 a.m. We got up at 3.45, left by moonlight on horseback. The road was really incredible for any hooved animal, but they climbed it like cats—we were completely in the mountains, a stony waste with a few stubbed, old oak trees. It got barer and barer as we went on—and we had three hours of it—and at last saw the temple on the ridge at the very summit of all—bathing in the sun. It is grey like the stone of the hill, and at first looks like toothed rocks, a sort of ragged edge. But it's very perfect—all the columns on both sides and most of the architrave. The two pediments are in the British museum. It faces north and south (owing to the lie of the ridge) but the cella opens to the east and the statue received the rising sun. A temple of Apollo. The view is amazing—we see Taygetus and then further south, Ithone with a flat top. The sea is just there and sandy Pylos. Calamata is due south of the temple. On all sides nothing, nothing at all but mountain peaks. It is glorious and wonderful too. The sky is without cloud, but below us, between the hills there are thick, white fleeces of rising cloud, which will melt as they meet the sun. A glorious morning. I am going to get you a little stonecrop from the place where the statue stood as a memory. There is literally

nothing else growing up here. I'll put it in an envelope and keep it as well as I can, but travelling so roughly is against it and I doubt if I can keep it alive.

11 a.m. Just back from the stony wilderness—two-and-a-half hours out and back, but I am sure a two-hour stump on foot. We did in fact walk a good bit of the way back, often actually scrambling down river beds with the river still in them. How the horses can do it beats me entirely. The latest excitement was that P. found a clump of the green and black iris close to the temple, and I dug some for you and a little Star of Bethlehem too. I'll send these from Tripolitza. We are just going to have lunch and start on our long job for Megalopolis. Don't get in till eight. Very likely it will be nine. There's a moon and I hear that the road is good.

4 p.m. A halt by the way, *mi-chemin*. A khan with a verandah and balcony built into a spreading Abele tree—company two horses, one mule—three old women, one spinning wool—a goat just delivered, four pigs, an old she-dog big with child, four hens—our own dog, a quarrelsome little devil with a weakness for chasing another man's pigs wherever found. Our muleteers are very old grey-beards, one just like Socrates with a curious bald lump in the middle of his neck. They wear slippers on their very seedy old feet, and I can't think how they do it. They walkt that frightful road to Bassae and back this morning, got in at eleven; at twelve they started on this twenty-seven mile job to Megalopolis. Such men, I behend, are not made nowadays—at least not in my country. The horses are good, and have need to be. We go a steady three miles an hour. It is hoped that we shall be in by seven. I hope so too. We saw some cyclamen on the road, and P. saw a snake.

Megalopolis. Tuesday morning. 14th April. I could write no more last night, because when we got in at past nine o'clock I was only good for a little food, bed, and aspirin. We go too far in the day, and you can call me every kind of fool you can think of if I do it again. I have told Stamati the second plainly now that I cannot. Various amusing things happened, though, before I fell. We took a short cut over a mountain among other things, forded a swift river too, where the Gerontes suddenly leapt upon the rumps of our horses and were carried over in that manner. The dog remained behind until we were over, then with loud yells leapt into the flood and was very nearly drowned, but he came through somehow and chased many a pig afterwards. It grew dark and the endless miles became unspeakably wearisome. However—here we are, in a train for Tripolitza, where we stop the day; what to do to-morrow, I don't know, but I have talked to Stamati. The difficulty is this, that we are going entirely into the mountains where there are no roads and must go slow. If we take short stages we must be some days late in Athens; if we take long ones I shall surely die. Now we want to be in Athens by the end of this week, (a) for letters, (b) for clean clothes, (c) to see K., to whom I telegraphed. We may leave out something but I don't know that that will help us much. It's all very complicated.

This is a poor place built on a large scale but gone to ruin because nearly all the inhabitants are in America. The Government have prohibited emigration now, it seems. Nobody under 25 may leave Greece. It seems medieval, but was really necessary. They not only went to America to the tune of a thousand a week, but when they came back they brought phthisis with them. I am perfectly well again this morning with not a trace of sickness, thanks to aspirin. We were in the saddle yesterday fourteen-and-a-half hours, and never at anything but a foot pace, but most of it was up and down waterfalls and torrent beds. What a life ! But it is very delightful until the moment of collapse comes—and then a torment. The train has started, but we change in ten minutes, I believe.

We are at Tripolitza again sitting in the little white saloon where we received Miss C——. No telegrams at the P.O. We go on to-night by carriage to Levidhi, sleep there and see the sights. Mantinea where the battle was, Orchomenos, and most exciting of all to me the place of the great shrine of Artemis Hymnia—sacred all over Arcadia, a sort of Delos. It is near her Mount Mœnalus. All this thrills me.

Just had lunch and filled my pen. We are going to do some little shop-pings and then go on our road. At Andritzena we bought some skins, three foxes for B., who loves to be selling furs with the best, and a surprise for you. The foxes were cheap—forty francs for the three, which counts out at eleven shillings English per skin. It's awfully hot again and I don't mean to start till four o'clock. We shall get in about 7.30 allowing half-an-hour for Mantinea. I should like to give you some more places for telegrams but there don't seem to be any places fitted with wires. We may be a day late, that's the worst of it. The horses have arrived here and, after a rest will go on to Levidhi. We go there this evening by carriage. I have sent you a wire to-day where we shall be on Friday. We shall be a day late in Athens. (Getting there Sunday). I think I'll post this to you from here as there won't be anything like a post office till we reach Kalavrita on Friday. I'm perfectly well again to-day and will take care not to get landed again a third time.

Levidhi. 8.30 p.m. We have just got here after a fifteen mile drive, mostly uphill. It is dark, so I can't say much of it, except that it is on the side of a mountain and looks across a gulf of blackness to more mountains. People creep about with candles and look like ghosts or the Nibelungs. A dense crowd gathered about us and infuriated our cook, a very peppery man : he seized one youth and shook him violently to and fro. We are now in a rather good inn with balconies to the many windows, on one of which I can stand and exactly face you in England. This is where the shrine of Artemis Hymnia is. I shall see it to-morrow and pray there. Stamati says it is the richest village in Greece because they grow opium here. (We do want dinner so badly !) The drive was very jolly skirting Mœnalus and passing Mantinea where the Athenians beat the Spartans and Epaminondas was killed. We stopt half way to water the horses and were effusively welcomed by a huge landlord of the town, rather drunk

already. He shook hands, insisted on standing lakhoum and talkt a prodigious deal of Greek. He was exactly like William Morris to look at and would have made a good Falstaff. Leaving the plain we got into a narrow valley and the owls were coursing all about us in the dusk. The stars came out and grew huge as it grew dark. It was intensely lovely and melancholy. By the time we got here it was quite dark, but we plugged along without lights. You would enjoy every second of all this. It's so varied and so amusing. We noticed that the peasants and shepherds are almost indistinguishable from the rocks—they wear a sort of grey-blue jean and that's just the colour of the rocks. Also P., who has all the luck this time, saw a clump of red tulips growing in a hedgerow. I saw a single one—rather like your *Praecox*. Here comes dinner, thank the Lord—you will have done yours, or nearly, it is a quarter to nine.

Wednesday. 15th April. Good morning. It's twenty past seven. A sparkling, fresh day. We got up at six and have packt and breakfasted, and now they are dealing with the pragmata. Troops of pale blue people are passing with donkeys, mules and dogs, down the rocky path to the valley where they are to cultivate opium and grow rich. They don't look rich, poor dears, but awfully picturesque. The valley is very narrow and so far as I can see we shall be almost immediately in the mountains. The lake Pheneus, where we are to go, is over 2,000 feet above the sea, and we are about 1,000 here. I can see snow on many a peak from the balcony where I sit, and there is a beautiful subject for you immediately in front of balconied, flat-roofed houses, crusting a spur of rock exactly like one of your saxifrages—behind that dark purple hills with gleams of snow and a pale, blue sky with fleecy, white clouds over all. A large threshing floor just like one described in the *Odyssey* is just below the window. It reminds me of Ornam the Jebusite, however—I don't know why. Now I like to think that just hereabouts they worshipped Artemis Hymnia in old times. I love to think of that. Now we are to go. I'll write again when we halt for lunch.

We have stopt for midday. (But it is five minutes to two !) After crossing two chains of mountains, first Lykion, and then part of Kyllene, but first we saw the church of the Panagia which is the site of the shrine. The Theotokos has absorbed Hymnia here, as Aphrodite elsewhere, and Athene elsewhere. It is a way she has. In itself it is a beautiful little Byzantine church with remains of fine frescoes. No remains of classical times. Having prayed there, we formed our cavalcade and crossed the Orchomenean plain and passed the hill whereon old Orchomenos stood. We didn't go up. It's said to be the highest Acropolis in Greece, but I swear it's not so high as Acro Corinth. Then we passed our first range, going over a saddle of Lykion which faces Mœnalus across the Orchomenean plain. There was a jolly fountain there with women washing carpets of their own weaving. (P. took a photo). The plains are extremely fertile—would grow anything—and the mountains almost entirely bare—nothing seems to grow but sage and dwarf ilex. No flower to speak of here. Then another plain, and then we get into the glens of Kyllene—a truly awful wilderness. You never

saw such rocks, such baldness, and such a glare of the sun. It is quite terrifying—not a bird—not a tree, not a square inch of shade. The very lizards seem to pant there. It took us about two hours to get up to the col, and then down the other side. P. and I lunched at the top, the sun having gone in. There was a breeze. The men and horses waited till we got to this khan, which is three-quarters of the way down through the plain of Phenéos where the lake is and the village where we sleep to-night. To-morrow Solos and the Styx. Oh, on the way down we saw lots of aubrietia on the rocks (P. saw it first, but her horse is the fastest and always goes first). Men, horses and dogs are all feeding hard. An enormous fat priest is sitting in the only chair reading the week before last's paper in the sun—before me is the glen which we have climbed down, steep as the side of a house roof. Immediately over us tower grey spurs of Kyllene with fine trees growing God knows how. A river runs below with pale green willows, and some pink walnuts. In the yard there is a splendid stone oven—Homeric exactly. Small boys with bald heads dressed in pale blue cotton and with faces the colour of your crocodile shoes are in a row by the wall looking at the Kyrioi. That's all. It's awfully hot. I smell garlic from the black hole where the men are feasting. I am going to have some coffee. I think we have done the worst of to-day's job. Some of it was very tedious. I'll write more from Phenéos.

Monastery above Phenéos. 7.30 p.m. Directly we left the village we descended to where the lake of Phenéos ought to be but now is not. We could see how high it had been quite lately. Some fifteen feet, but now it is nearly all drained off and we actually crossed the bed of it. A great, flat plain of pale, dry mud, which they are diligently ploughing with oxen about as big as your Minnie. It must be awfully good land, but the clods are hard as rocks and all have to be broken with main blows of the mattock. It is about as big as St. Mary's Loch and very much like it, except that the mountains are grey rock instead of grey grass, and there is snow on them in some quantity. We crossed the plain, skirted the Northern side of Kyllene and came out of the country of Artemis into that of Pan. In other words we came in full sight of Chelmos where the Styx rises. A black and savage mass of mountain making a huge semi-circle—pines more than half-way up, and then grim peaks covered with snow and built to each other by snowfields. A very panicky place, indeed. And horrors began, one of which haunts me now, and will for a long time. In the middle of the bare, empty plain (it's about a mile across and four long) I saw a little pyramid of black on the ground. When we came near we saw it was a woman in a hood and cloak of black; nearer still it was a girl, a child. She sat on the ground, upright and motionless, and didn't even turn her eyes as we passed. She was very pretty with blue eyes, and had a flushed, fair face. I saw that she was absolutely held by fever—malaria. There she sat, alone with her devil—and there from a mile or more away we saw her sit. I suggested quinine to Stamati, but he didn't seem to think anything could be done. We left her to Pan and the silence, and cold and dark. I can't forget it.

The next horror was that we bought a lamb on route and tied its feet together with string and put it on the pragmata. As it's Holy Week here, there's no meat to be had anywhere. It was rather dreadful to be carrying one's living sacrifice *mit* ; it is now dead and skinned, and so it's all over. Third horror was a madman lying in a ditch and playing with twigs. He was nearly black, a gipsy they say, and uttered feeble cries as we passed. So much for Pan.

Then we reached the village of Phenéos and skirted it, and climbed through oak woods, very fairy-like and pretty, to this strange place, a large monastery on a spur of Chelmos, which stares into the sky above us like a white-sheeted fanatic. The monastery is much bigger than the one we lay in at Mistra—it has several courtyards and a balcony all round, outside as well as in. There are lots of monks (like wild beasts), and lots of novices, sort of hermaphrodites, with smooth faces and long hair—all very filthy, but very pleasant. The Abbot is fat and spectacled and shook hands. He gave us Mastick, coffee, and a sweet made of roses. (A jam, in fact.) We are now disinfecting the room and putting up our own beds. The place was rich once and rather swell. This room, for instance, has a fine coffered ceiling of wood, oak or chestnut ; a great, stone fireplace, and some good, carved chests, an Ikon with a silver lamp and all that sort of thing. But it is very poor now and gone to seed. Everything is getting rotten, and the glass falling out of the windows. The Government is bored with monks, and discourages them all it can. It has a lovely site, and is one of the strangest places I have ever struck. I hate these sexless novices extremely, and don't enquire into the morals of the business. Better not, I am sure. To-morrow we shall be in the snow for a bit, and sleep at our highest point at Solos. I'll tell you all about it. I am not a bit tired to-day, though we have been riding from 8-7 ! But it hasn't been hot at all since lunch time—and now is positively chilly. We must be at least three thousand feet above the sea. We are going to have dinner, so I'll stop. I hope some of these notes will reach you, for you'll like them, and I want you to follow it all. They may be useful to me, too, some day if I do anything with all this.

Thursday. 16th April. Mezzo-Giorno. I have never slept in a filthier room than last night—not even at Lada. It was quite comic, the shifts we were at to put anything down on anything. We spent nearly two tins of Keatings, and laid various booby traps of jugs of water, etc., to put off hermaphrodites appearing out of trap-doors in the night. There were many such in the room you must know. Then about the windows—they gave on to a gallery where hermaphrodites were frequently passing. How to open a window and hide ourselves ! Well, we did our best, and got to bed. I slept badly, listening for rats, or rustling cockroaches. At 2 a.m. the bell rang, and the pale, sexless wretches all trooped to their office. I knew no more till 5.30. After breakfast, and packing we had to see the sights—the chapel, rather tawdry Byzantine, overdone, and infinitely dirty—the library with a few, good manuscripts, and some vestments. Then we shook hands with the Abbot and the cleanest of the others, and left about 9.

I wish I could describe this most heavenly climb, round and round a spur of Chelmos. First through oak woods, barely showing bud, then through firwoods, by water courses and steep stairs in rock or root, out into glades, where we saw the sky, and were on turf with daisies, primroses, and blue anemones, and purple crocus—in the woods again, and always up, almost to the snow line ; at the top a splendid glimpse of the mountain tops like a purple sea with snow for foam—and then down, on foot this time (for it was too bad even for the horses, with loads) and now we have halted for lunch about three-quarters of the way down, in a shady glen with a running stream at our feet, of delicious water, and no other sound at all but its constant running sound. I can just see snow peaks through the trees. I believe we go down to the river level and then climb again to Solos—how we do, or if we do, the Styx, I have no idea. I rather think from Solos. No flowers but crocus and chinnodoxa to report, but we are promised pale irises from Megaspelio, which I *think* may be Susiana ! Fancy that ! If they are, you shall have a root. No day we have had yet would have given you such joy as this, though yesterday and the monastery would have thrilled you. Such free entertainments, such holes and corners for you to pry into, such strange creatures for you to wonder at. Stamati has gone away to find the road, but directly he is back we shall go on. Farewell till this evening at Solos.

Solos. 5 p.m. We have been in just an hour, having made it with ease—bar a few accidents. The cook's horse fell, with the cook on board, and annoyed him very much. Then, coasting a narrow ledge over a precipice a horse (the cook's again) slipped and fell half way down the cliff ! This time the cook was leading the animal and got his fingers cut by the cord. He complained loudly and much, but has just served tea with his usual cheerfulness and dispatch. The scenery got finer and finer as we came near Chelmos—a blue, black mountain cleft by many terrific gorges with waterfalls out of the snow in each. We followed the course of a jolly, green river until we came to the gorge, then we climbed and past two or three completely deserted villages, a sad sight. Finally, we crost the river and began to climb Chelmos itself. The village, where we are, is perched upon the steep side of the mountain, a shoulder, really, which is between us and the gorge of the Styx. It looked charming as we approached—little, perched white houses with pink roofs, and the sun shining through great cherry trees aflower. It was like a Japanese fairy tale. The sun on cherry blossom backt by pure, blue sky is a lovely sight. From where we sit on the balcony of our clean, but empty room, we can look down 500 feet of cherry blossom to the river which we crost—there are hardly any green trees here, except a few willows, but we have both been presented with some hyacinth flowers. It is a peasant's house but also a doctor's. For the son of the family is a doctor, and the whole place smells of his iodoform. In our room, besides a bed and two chairs, is a large loom for spinning cotton or wool—a jolly piece of striped cotton is half finished in it, and spools of wool hang outside the windows. The place is full of carpets

of their own weaving. I see one, an oldish one, done in a fine, bold pattern of black and red on dirty white which I shall buy for you. If you won't have it, I will gladly keep it. They have just fed us with rose jam and fresh water. There is abundant water here. The evening is most lovely—I am not a bit tired. We get up at four to-morrow and take the Styx on our way to Kalvryta. There Aristides and Socrates—our dear old muleteers—leave us, and we shall miss them. They have come all the way from Andritzena on their battered old feet, and have to pad all the way back somehow. They must be 140 years old between them. At Kalvryta I post this long letter, and shall speir for a wire from you. If I don't get one, that is good. If I do, it is better. There is an end of my day's news.

Friday noon. 17th April. We have seen the falls of the Styx, though not from so near as I had hoped. Your glasses served us well. It is a stiff climb of two hours to where we got to, and it needed another hour of mountaineering to get to it, and the hour down; and we had Chelmos to get over. The water comes out of a glacier and sprays down an enormous rock covered with black moss. It looks like grey hair (I mean the water does). A weird effect. Then it slides over ice and snow and then falls again in precisely the same way, but not so far; then disappears and joins the river lower down. *Μελάς Ποτάμος* they call it. The glaciers lie in a nitch in Chelmos. We left it at 7.30, having started at 5, and addressed ourselves to Chelmos. A narrow path rising at such an angle that unless you saw it you couldn't believe a horse could get up. It is almost incredible but they did it and carried us with them. We got to the snow line at about 9.30 and came on a plateau, either sheeted with snow, or where the snow had gone, with flowers—chiefly crocus, mauve, white and yellow, squill and celandine. There were some beautiful rock plants, but unfortunately we had past the best of them when it was impossible to stop. However, I have got you three good roots of *androsace carula*, some of another pretty thing, whose name escapes me, and one or two crocus bulbs just for sentiment. The *androsace* and the other must go in the morain and be jammed between stones. There is one little bulb with a yellow flower which excites me vastly. I have never seen it in my life. Morain it also. I shall send off a cigarette box from Kalvryta this afternoon to Charles with a brief instruction to pot everything until you can see to all yourself. We are now on the descent below the snow among the pines. The Gerenian mountains, with snow on them too (where *Γερίνιος ἵπποτα Νέστορ* came from) are in front across the valley—a fine, saw-toothed range. The horses are feeding on crocus and squill in a little meadow. P. is asleep and I am writing. We shall start soon and this letter will go to-night. Fine as the gorge of the Styx is, it is not so fine as the Castalian gorge at Delphi, nor Chelmos so good as Taygetos. Nothing I have seen to-day equals the desolate and awful grandeur of the pass to Bassae.

Kalvryta. After tea. We got in very comfortably at 3, and have been examining the town. It is Good Friday, kept very much as it is with us as a kind of pre-taste of Easter revelry. Much buying and selling of new hats

and shoes, much bleating of lambs going to be slain for sinners to-night or to-morrow. I have just seen a priest haggle for one under the plane trees, and stalk grandly away with a little boy carrying the lamb—a black one, home on his head. The street was crowded as we came through, pushing a way for our horses. Rather like a bazaar in Tunis. A strange sight was a portly man in a beard and long hair dressed in white linen entirely, on his head a round white cap with a gold band, in his hand a little sword which he played with as if it had been a cane. He had straw round his white stockings and straw shoes with gold tassels on the toes. A fine, flushed, blue eyed creature. Mad, he believes himself an emperor, God help him, and is evidently quite happy. They are all very kind to him and nobody mocks. We were rather mobbed by children at first; someone soon removed them and there was no more fuss. They are very nice people when not killing Bulgarians. On the stairs of the hotel are blood curdling pictures of the war; one is called *ὁ Βουλγαροφάγος!* and shows a kilted Greek really eating a Bulgar, beginning at the ear! Now a procession has just past. Cross-bearer, priest with censer, acolyte carrying linen shield. Then a man carrying a white clad child in a tray. Question is: Baptism or funeral? We thought the child moved its head. I am inclined to the funeral theory myself. To-morrow is our last day on horseback. We go to Megaspelio, a monastery in a cave, and there take train for Athens. We saw the Gulf of Corinth to-day from the mountains and Parnassus beyond it swathed in snow and cloud. It has been a lovely day, not too hot and not too tiring. No telegrams so far. I shall enquire again to-morrow when I post this and your plants. I shall register the letter as it is a big one. I have just enough of this block left to get me to Athens where are some more—and letters I hope.

Megaspelio. Saturday evening. 18th April. We got here without adventure—our last ride. From the valley we had to climb by zig-zags 3,000 feet up the rock face of a mountain, and found this astonishing place at that height. There is a huge cave which contains the Church (we go to midnight mass there presently), and whose opening is completely built over by houses—storey after storey—I have just counted them, there are nine storeys, the lowest being some 50 feet from the path. I never saw anything like it before—but will tell you more about it to-morrow when I have seen it. It is one of the largest monasteries in Greece, and the service of to-night is of an old Byzantine ritual not used elsewhere. It is full of pilgrims just now because of this very service. It begins at midnight, which is a bore—but we can't miss it, of course. We came to the hotel which has been built for rich pilgrims, and found heaps of Greeks, but no foreigners but ourselves. Very nice Greeks too—one of them, a pretty girl of about P.'s age—a swell being, a Cantacuzene (who have been Byzantine Emperors in their day) attached herself to us and climbed the remaining 1,000 feet to the top of this mountain—a severe job, too. We had to go up the morain between the rocks, and the last fifteen minutes or so was jolly steep. The silly girl had high-heeled thin shoes—and was

rather an anxiety—but she was plucky and so proud of herself ! When we came down her parents were overjoyed ; they had never thought to see her alive again. We were introduced to Papa, Mama, ma cousine, ma tante, and Lord knows who—we talked German to some, French to others, English to others, you never heard such a babel.

The flowers were wondrous—a pink (rose-coloured) anemone, coronaria, for instance; the irises are, I fear, German ones gone wild ; but I got one, also another androsace, and a lovely pink thing which I dug as well as I could out of a rock—I don't know what it is a bit.

All these are to go off from Athens. Stamati thought it better, and so it must be. We have just had an enormous tea with butter and marmalade and all sorts of luxuries. And now we have to keep awake till twelve o'clock, when the Messe de minuit commences.

The mountain climb was very beautiful—lots of water, trees, flowers, a ravine, a hawk. From the top we saw the Gulf of Corinth and the bay where Itea is. Parnassus was veiled in cloud—Oh, lovely, lovely country, I hope I shall live in it some day, and perhaps die in it—then I'll have my ashes taken up to one of the mountains—Taygetus, Kyllene, or Mœnalus, and there thrown to the winds of the Gods. More after dinner. I must get clean now and unpack my bag to get out my boot trees and books.

After dinner, and a very good one, we devotees have all gone to lie down before the solemnities of midnight. I have slept for an hour-and-a-half and have still an hour to wait. It's awfully cold, and a furious wind is howling round the mountain. I really began again to tell you that I bought you a carpet off the back of P.'s horse. It is Andritzena hand-made work—a large carpet with a blue ground. I gave sixty francs for it, and if you don't want it will gladly have it myself. I think it very beautiful ; its date, 1881, is woven in it, and it has begun to fade nicely. I have never seen a Greek carpet to touch it. The one I told you about at Solos was too old and its holes past mending. So far as I can see at present our arrangements will be these. We shall be in Athens to-morrow and stay till the 22nd. Then we start a cruise to Santorin, Naxos, Melos, etc., and return to Athens Tuesday, 28th. Catch steamer at Patras Wednesday, the 29th, and reach London Sunday, the 3rd, or Monday, the 4th.

(To be concluded)

THE POETRY OF MR. W. J. TURNER

By ARTHUR McDOWALL

THE freedom of poets should be jealously guarded, but in the end no one can protect it save themselves. In so far as the public buys their work it assists them towards independence, but at the same time it sets up a mental rapport, a mutual expectancy, which has detracted in some cases from the material boon. The critics aid or thwart them in another way. Evidently the only real freedom for a poet is to be himself ; which is hard at all times, for he must discover what that is ; and doubly hard in an age when complications of life and knowledge hide the self, and many people are interested enough in these matters to tell him what it ought to be. At the moment, poetry has been recalled to facts of experience and the truth of life. It is a valid truth always that we can receive the most intense and unfettered apprehension of life from poetry, and that for our highest satisfaction we require nothing less ; but it is an accident of recoil from the last age that in following this vision poets should display now a wary sense of fact. The time seems unpropitious to purely imaginative conceptions, however we may rejoice in them when they appear. So poets of remoter experience, who belong to that family which Hudson in one of his lately published letters called the "footless birds of Paradise," are perhaps more than usually suspended in the void. One need not exaggerate their isolation ; yet this will be increased if the stronger imaginative currents have been canalised elsewhere.

These remarks are no more than truisms ; but I begin with them because it seems to me that they ought to be present somewhere in the mind if one is considering Mr. Turner's poetry. He undeniably asserts his poetic independence. In its tone, symbolism and interest, his verse has an apartness of its own ; it is almost defiantly removed from the scrutiny of experience or ideas. How much this implies of strength or weakness, and what evasiveness, if any, enters into his seemingly elusive poetry, must appear by degrees, if at all. To read him almost anywhere in his work is to get very quickly the sense of a peculiar atmosphere or vision ; he is certainly a poet of idiosyncrasy. And if we follow his poetry another interest very definitely reinforces this one, for he shows a development which is not so much change of form as progress. Between his first volume and those which came next there was a marked advance, and the last book which he has published makes a hardly less clear advance upon the others. Discovering himself more truly, as so subjective a poet must do, he has also penetrated farther into the resources of his poetry. This leaves him at a very interesting point both in achievement and possibilities, and as it throws light on what he has done and what he may do in the future the time should be a favourable one for attempting some critical estimate of his work.

How much more he had written before he published his first book (*The Hunter and other Poems*) in 1916 one does not know, but he was already writing then with a good deal of accomplishment: an easy rhythm, a facility of phrase and much colour of fancy. These were evidently the expression of a quick and receptive sensitiveness, and they showed that he had a poetic fertility to draw on. But there, on the whole, these verses stopped. The special form of his vision was not distinct in them, and one notices rather their sentimental variety, and their yielding to sensation. The poems which could be read with most contentment were those in which Mr. Turner seemed to allow himself time, and also simplicity. One, *The Sky-sent Death*, in which the peace of a Greek hill-side is broken and the shepherd slain by a chance bomb, will be remembered for its clearness and unity of picture. But Mr. Turner could still begin a not unambitious poem with these lines:

A girl before him knelt in silent prayer,
A stylish hat poised on her red-brown hair.

Were these *clichés* meant to be sardonic, and the whole poem intended to have an ironic dryness, we should accept them; but apparently it was not so. For the conventional sensuousness is invaded before long by a cosmic emotion which is more than it will bear, and the irony which does show at the end is not quite in tune with either.

Mr. Turner's real poetic individuality, as it has developed in *The Dark Fire* (1918) and his succeeding books, is much more interesting than this. That it brings very quickly the sense of a peculiar air or place has been noticed already. This seems to lie far from the usual human stabilities and not less far from the decisive human passions. It is a realm of images where feeling pursues feeling. Yet it is not the witched, still world of magical fantasy, where you are haunted by the beauty or terror of preternatural things. This may be a poetry of escape, but it does not choose that way of substitution. What it suggests, rather, is such a transmutation of our world as happens in dreaming; explicitly at times, and more often with a subtle implication, it shows many of the characteristics of dreams. The objects, as so often in that state, are predominantly and sharply visual; but we have hardly traced each shape with its filling of strong colour before it passes into something else. The things we know, detached from our usual perceptions of them, have been taken into a medium where they are irradiated strangely by one another. So this is not the natural world, but one created from moment to moment by a play of fancy or imagination. With the mind's eye, however, we are still bidden to see. All bright objects, the colours of flower and bird, the golden or black depths of shadows, the outlines of rock and tree quivering on a transparent blueness, return again and again as a landscape in this poetry.

It is tempting to linger on those strong visual impressions, which show the bent of a sensibility. One critic, I think, noting Mr. Turner's fondness for contrasts of the bright and dark, has called him a poet of *chiaroscuro*.

But it may be as well to look below "the most despotic of our senses," remembering that each thing seen becomes a metaphor in the mind of the poet. Images which take us deeper, perhaps, into the nature of his feeling are those which he draws repeatedly from the contrasts of movement with rest and of fluidity with substance. One thinks of a charming poem in which the robber, moonlight, seems quietly to eat through the solid flesh of oranges suspended on the boughs. Or, opening his next book, you come almost immediately on this :

Rock-like the souls of men
 Fade, fade in time.
 Falls on worn surfaces,
 Slow chime on chime,
 Sense, like a murmuring dew,
 Soft sculpturing rain,
 Or the wind that blows hollowing
 In every lane.
 Smooth as the stones that lie
 Dimmed, water-worn,
 Worn of the night and day,
 In sense forlorn,
 Rock-like the souls of men
 Fade, fade in time ;
 Smoother than river-rain
 Falls chime on chime.

This poem achieves its cadence. But, without anatomising it to the last shred, let us consider the outline that encloses its idea. The feeling is conveyed throughout in images, and these have a contrast which inverts our expectations. This inversion is so swift that if it were not affirmed in the title—*Men Fade Like Rocks*—we might glide over it as we read. Human souls, those essences so light and unseizable that we can give no form to them, are likened there to rigidly hard things ; but just as one is straining at the paradox the rocks begin to dissolve under the dropping water of time. The sound carries us into that dissolvent process and floats us out of the world of things into that of music : a purpose much more evident in this lyric than in most of Mr. Turner's. And it carries just so much statement or meaning as will be light enough for the air.

Not all of Mr. Turner's poems remind us so implicitly that nothing continues in one stay. Hardly less often, as in the title-poem of this same book, things the most fugitive are given a strange immobility :

In Time like glass the stars are set,
 And seeming-fluttering butterflies
 Are fixed fast in Time's glass net
 With mountains and with maids' bright eyes.

There is no need to multiply examples of these contrasts, which with one touch or the other transform things more palpable than souls or time.

They might be a symbol of the elusiveness which the poems suggest already, by their detachment from experience. And should there be a reader who knows nothing of Mr. Turner's poetry beyond the lines quoted so far, he might ask, perhaps, in some bewilderment what the subject, or at least the substance of it, is. Better than to look for a subject is to look for the emotion which inhabits one. There can be no doubt of Mr. Turner's receptiveness to beauty. He is swiftly and keenly sensitive to the excellences of form and colour ; fascinated, also, by utter quietness, in which he presently detects an unembodied music. He will not write a poem, hardly a line even, without the sharp trace of such physical impressions. He must have drawn on memory for a scene recurrent in his poems, which is primeval, limpid and yet fragile ; and with subtler shadows he weaves this lost Australia into a dreamland of calm and loveliness, which he calls *Guaya*. More rarely but still exquisitely, like a tranced spectator, he can give the authentic presence of nature, as in this passage from his narrative poem, *Paris and Helen* :

He felt as though he stood watching the spawn
Of some new world, thus had he watched at dawn
The sun's expanding gold flow on the hills,
And that same tense and brooding silence fills
The air in autumn, when in one night lie
The earth's dark peaks snow-white beneath the sky.
Thus is the silence in a sun-filled glade
When steps a faun out of the forest shade
And soundless as an errant sun-beam dies
Among the tree-trunks where the sun's mottled eyes
Noiselessly flicker. Upon the watching gloom
Thus grows the storm-cloud's thunder-spotted bloom,
The stillness of the world its slender stem,
Pricked by far lightning on the earth's green hem.

There nature is lovely in her own right, yet in the last three lines Mr. Turner's special impulse discloses itself. It is nature as a ground of feeling and imagination which attracts him. Of a deep, central emotion for nature in herself there is little or no trace in his poetry. Nor can you say that his emotion for beauty, marked as it is and tending nearly always towards an ideal perfection, approaches that ardent faith or religion with which it burns, for instance, in Rossetti. It reaches passion only when, as in the last of his books, *Landscape of Cytherea*, it mingles with another emotion.

This, a more pervasive feeling in his work, might be called a sense of unreality, a returning sadness : and it finds a symbol in all these metaphors which have been noticed. A dissatisfaction of this kind with the world of things is almost implicit in poetry, and it has guided some poets to their divinest songs and impelled others, like Shelley, to build a whole world in defiance of that which is. Into Mr. Turner's poetry the flux of life brings sadness, but it also has a fascination for him ; indeed to a mind and temperament of extreme mobility it must be, up to a certain point, congenial.

None the less his sense of its insufficiency is constantly felt, and he is always trying to escape from it. One may notice, perhaps, that in his earlier work he leans most to youthful or romantic sentiment, which would escape into a far and yet remembered world, idealised and dream-tinted. But as he goes on, deeper emotion seems to provoke a sharper recoil, and he comes nearer to reality.

A poet of this type will not pursue reality along the beaten tracks of experience ; if he approaches it, this will be by further soundings of the imagination. It is just such a development of imagination which makes the real interest of Mr. Turner's poetry so far. The poets who revived that master-quality about a century ago spoke much of the distinction between imagination and fancy, and though this contrast is by no means infallible or absolute, since fancy is only imagination working at a lower pressure—for charm, in the main, rather than intense vision—it may shed some light on the work of Mr. Turner. The poem called *In Time like Glass*, from which one stanza has been quoted, is a not unsuccessful fancy; we can and do think of time as an expanse holding all phenomena, as in the last quotation :

All these like stars in Time are set,
They vanish but can never pass ;
The Sun that with them fades is yet
Fast-fixed as they in Time like glass.

In this chartered and capricious region Mr. Turner often works the due effects. *There came a Lion into the Capitol* is a delightful miniature which transfers the furious, stiffened little animal on to the printed page ; and this, again, has the traits of fancy :

Upon a dark ball spun in Time
Stands a giraffe beside a tree :
Of what immortal stuff can that
The fading picture be ?
So, thought I, standing by my love
Whose hair, a small black flag,
Broke on the universal air
With proud and lovely brag :
It waved among the silent hills
A wind of shining ebony
In Time's bright glass, where mirrored clear
Stood the Giraffe beside a Tree.

But here the fancy will not “ compose ” ; we are puzzled and do not *see* the relations of the two things in the picture. Compare with this Blake's *Crystal Cabinet*. That also is fantastic and, in a sense, a puzzle ; but Blake, as if to show how vain it is to delimit these two regions, has filled it with some emotion which takes us clear into imaginative air.

In the lyrics which make the largest part of his verse, Mr. Turner often seems to work in the slighter, more accidental vein of imagination. The enjoyment that one gets from him is an imaginative pleasure ; and if you like

his poetry at all you can taste this even in his failures. But it brings excitement more often than content ; the sensuous material is too dazzling, and the momentary sensation appears to count for more with him than the feeling or thought which makes you accept a metaphor and rest in it. Sometimes the restlessness of the image itself is disconcerting, as in a poem called *Soldiers*, where the suddenly aroused men are compared to “ trees struggling fiercely to the sky, and minds that leap and cry ” ;—

Gesticulating trees

Thus stand upon the hills and rave towards the speechless sky,
But in the end sink feebly down and fade into the ground.

One knows the gesture of wind-twisted trees, but even in a poem meant to convey excitement the simile thus exaggerated is unpersuasive. And in many of his lyrics the imagery is so profuse and glancing that it defeats itself. One of his most striking poems, called *Death*, an ode or elegy in form rather than a lyric, shows emotion and a direct sincerity united at times in poignant simplicity :

Ah, it was cold, so cold ; do I not know
How dead my heart on that remembered day !
Clear in a far-away place
I see his delicate face
Just as he called me from my solitary play,
Giving into my hand a tiny tree—
We planted it in the dark blossomless ground,
Gravely without a sound ;
Then back I went, and left him standing by
His birthday gift to me.

Or again :

O Death, didst thou
Heed my vain glory, standing pale by thy dead ?
There is a spirit who grieves
Amid earth's dying leaves ;
Was't thou that wept beside my brother's bed ?
For I did never mourn nor heed at all
Him passing on his temporal elmwood bier ;
I never shed a tear :
The drooping sky spread grey-winged through my soul
While stones and earth did fall.

There is a more than usual emotion in the poem, but the whole effect does not come up to the effect of the parts because it lacks that “ more than usual order ” which Coleridge—unexpectedly but not untruly—demands as an accompaniment of the heightened emotion ; and because it tends to lapse into conventionally poetic language. *The Search for the Nightingale*, a remarkable poem in lyrical narrative, is really free from these defects, and if there is any ambiguity in the final movement it must be the reader's fault rather than the poet's. It is, indeed, in his semi-lyrical narratives like *The Shepherd Goes to War* or *Love : a Dream*—that charming little idyll

of the swan and trout—that Mr. Turner shows most precision and coherence. One of his best-known poems, the picture of a primitive hunter, *In the Caves of Auvergne*, attains a firm outline by deliberate simplicity.

It is true, certainly, that Mr. Turner's simpler moments are not those which are most characteristic of him, and it would be vain to look in his fluid verse for such a dominance of ideas as we find, for instance, in Mr. Freeman's poetry. He is a poet of another strain and order. What one is really asking for is the concentration which goes with true emotion, and with labour expended on working out a poem. One explores the feeling, however mobile, in his verse, because the verse does not seem to be written merely for the sake of music ; and indeed he is more sensitive to rhythm than melody. It suggests, much rather, a study in imagining, and we shall see that he has gained one marked success in difficult imagination with his last book, *Landscape of Cytherea*.

His one long narrative poem, *Paris and Helen*, which stands rather apart from the rest of his work, is satisfying as a realised conception. It must be called narrative, yet narration or action in the usual sense is not the core of its interest ; this would be expressed much better by calling it still life or dream. From the boyhood of Paris on Mount Ida the most famous of antique legends unrolls down to the fall of Troy ; but each vision is only a bright momentary centre lighting up the dimness of the untold, and the whole story glides with so imperceptible a movement through its phases that it is like a tapestry, and its folds hardly quiver in the air. The earlier scenes of Paris in his mountain-forest have just the effect of one of those "verdures" of the sixteenth century, where a deep umbrage and clear points of light and colour are richly woven together. I have quoted one passage for its expression of nature ; it would be much harder to detach another that would convey by itself the spirit of the poem. This, however, is the exterior of half-ghostly Troy :

Hoary with winds and with uncounted time,
The walls of Troy stood in that summer time
By Tenedos, like some sublime sea-wrack
Lifted from ocean's floor. Fissure and crack
Witnessed eternity's slow-ebbing wave
Of sun and moonlight, whose strong waters lave
From King to King those buttresses and towers
Winter to winter glazed with dull sea-flowers,
And coated over with encrusted foam
From the salt waves ; lichen on roof and dome
Throwing no sparkle in the burning light
Of Asian deserts nor in the greyness bright
Of the pale silver sand below the Moon
Whose ripples like the ribs of dead winds strewn
Summon the glimmer of a pebbled noise
Out of the cavernous past, whence rose up Troy's
Foundations to the touch of trembling tone,
And hands invisible placed stone on stone.

Enormous age has smoothed her stones away
 And the soft giant hands of Night and Day
 Have crumbled mountain dust upon her walls,
 And her dust on the mountains.

The atmosphere of dream, emphasised by passages actually expressing that state, works a stealing fascination. Mr. Turner does not gain this effect by any particular melody in the verse, for he manages his heroics, on the whole, a little stiffly, and where there is an interlocking of lines it is apt to have a rigid sameness. But this monotony may be in tune with the whole. Once, varying his cadence, he has fallen on disaster :

And the carved, lovely strange anemone
 Whose hair is like a cold jewel cut by water
 Stands on the cliff where the tired Zephyr brought her—

This rhyme is an incredible monstrosity. But *Paris and Helen*, as a whole, is a design that has been carried through, giving even to that clear-cut legend a new and original beauty.

In *Landscape of Cytherea*, too, Mr. Turner attempts a hazardous flight, and without falling. He has found a compelling theme—perhaps a difficulty in finding such may account for some of the unevenness of his lyrics—and with it he seems to have discovered more of himself and the resources of his poetry. The lyrics, flexible and diverse, which convey this theme, have a shaping emotion that in his other lyrical books is only intermittent. Here he is following the spirit which since Mr. Hardy wrote a certain novel we have learned to call the Well-Beloved : the ideal Love or Beauty which has haunted philosophers since Plato, and poets from Sidney to Shelley, which beckons some men through a life-time and wakes for a dim instant perhaps once in every man. She is Cytherea, creatress of multiform existences, yet also their impalpable and evasive soul. Or, since that is to forestall the issue, let us say that he explores here the reality of love, though with a premonition of the invisible already as he closes his fine overture :

Ghost ! Image ! Soul ! To you I slowly move
 Through the dim hilly tapestry of Time ;
 Footprints about me everywhere I see
 But you I see not ; yet all Future's here,
 It hangs before me as those unseen lamps
 Hung in the sky unknown, unguessed, above
 The billows of the cold perpetual sea
 Whose fading foam-rings left no memory.

This journey of the heart is depicted at once with the clear, precise touches of an actual voyage :

Six thousand miles across the sea this I
 Came on a boat of iron beneath the stars.

And the landscape and incidents of arrival are suggested no less precisely. Like a moonlight vision then appears the country of the mind, illumining

the other landscape and filling it with "ditties of no tone." The limits of sense and the moment of ecstasy when the ideal seems to be grasped in spite of them are subtly interwoven in this lyric :

Are you a diamond or a ruby stone
My eyes have lighted on ;
And without eyes should I your face unknown
Pass by ?

Few of these poems are easy, but their obscurity is not vague or wilful. It comes rather from sounding the genuine mystery which fringes an emotion with darkness, and the dilemma here explored is near the heart of all mysteries. There are places where Mr. Turner may seem to be arguing a question rather than giving its result in poetry, yet the intangible movements of feeling are imaged with a strange vividness. These currents ebb and flow, but "I love you, and yet I cannot find you" is their unmistakable and growing burden as the coast of Cytherea fades :

No hope or help ! Beauty in flowers
Hangs over cliff and wall
Moon-breakers fall
Of ghosts on the pale smooth sand !

The hanging Land
Crowded with trees upblown
A darkness sown
In sprouting stone
Whence waves her small white hand !

It is a quality of the book that its lyrics, while they seem to drift and hover, do condense themselves even as you read into one symphony or poem. Beginning on a tensely expectant note Mr. Turner has been able to maintain and deepen his tone up to a climax, after which it recedes softly. The nature of the generating emotion is clear ; his definition of love might be Marvell's :

It was begotten by Despair
Upon Impossibility.

And so the last scene—or rather one of the last, since the final poem is a meditative elegy on earth's pageants—is of an extinguished landscape :

And as I gazed upon that deathless scene—
Which is and is not—above the flickering desert
I saw a black Flag floating soundlessly :
Ha ! Death ! I thought. But down the silence came
A noise of the cold breaking of Felicity.
O'er boundless snow I saw that waving fragment,
Love's small black Flag, stiff in the crystal globe.
The sky was carved with icy tombs of lovers
Whose spirits bodyless as running water
Sat sculptured marble in Antarctic cold—
Their frozen beauty in the Spring tide clouding,

Now freed by shattering currents, slowly drifting
 Into the open ocean and there dimming
 Or would some other Sense's alchemy
 Arrest my soul ? Your footfall or some tone
 Within the air that seeing-men would call
 Vainly ? Alas, I fear there is no sense alone
 Could find you out, though you are physical
 To touch, and to more subtle ear and eye.
 Yet when the Sun across the hills has gone
 It never moved though the bright day is done.
 So you remain although my senses die,
 Leaving blank night within my outstretched sky.

Though eye and ear and my combining soul
 Bring me a spiritual angel from earth's stone
 Whose lips I press and by your sweet name call,
 Only in imagination her I own.
 For she is you, and you are dark and tall,
 The Pine sprang from the rock, she the Unknown
 That presses all its boughs against the wind
 And is not from earth's promontory blown
 Into the gulf of ether mystical
 But is as salt sharp pungent to the mind
 So you are one,
 And that black wind your hair 'tis you and she
 Met in the air's glass. O wild felicity,
 Sunk in my soul I have you there alone !
 Among the dimmed and unremembering water
 Until bright lovers' faces all were vanished,
 And love's black Flag an unseen rippling wind.
 Slowness upon the surface slowly settling
 Began to dream ; until the stillness deepening
 I gazed once more upon a frozen silence
 Filled with those tombs of beauty, Lovers' faces.
 And Love's black Flag was stiff and small above them—
 Which seeing, my heart wept distractedly.

The " flag " is a symbol that has appeared before in one quotation, and this repetition of images is a weakness in Mr. Turner ; but here there is a much distincter appeal to imagination. *Landscape of Cytherea*, for all its sharp touch on the senses, is a metaphysical and even mystical effort of imagining. In many sentiments and phrases it is akin to the metaphysical poets, but Mr. Turner seems to have arrived at his own effects in his own way. There is little trace of an echo except in the poem beginning :

Here are the stars and winds confederate
 In some dark scroll never to be revealed.

These, with the closing lines, do sound very like Rossetti. But in Mr. Turner's verse as a whole it is noticeable that he does not imitate those whom we should expect him to imitate. While his profuseness of colour

might have been stimulated by Keats, and his detachment by Shelley, he has not been a follower of these great Romantics—romantic as he is.

In this book, however, that sentiment of unreality and almost physical nostalgia for a perfect land, which is at once a malady and inspiration of romanticism, has been carried to a point where it builds up something real. This reality is not to be looked for, as anything basic or consoling, in the mere statement of the poem; what that states, almost as a foregone conclusion, is the unresolved conflict between desire and suprasensuous love. But to control and shape this in imagination is a more real thing than to fly to any lost land of youthfulness. Mr. Turner has seen that an emotion brought to bay can be creative, and again he might say with Marvell :

Magnanimous Despair alone
Could show me so divine a thing.

This work of his is a significant thing because there is a passion behind it, and it is not only the best work he has done but of good omen for his future as a poet. What he had done before was nearly always individual in tone, and it may even be remarkable that he should have done what he has in a leisure snatched from other kinds of writing. To say that much of his verse is decorative is not to condemn it, but it often left a doubt as to the quality of the emotion underneath. It was a question of sincerity and strength of feeling, and Mr. Turner's advance as a poet seems to be an advance in this respect. He is still, and possibly will always be, a poet in one mode and usually in one key, but his tone has deepened. A larger creativeness goes with it, and more of that order of the mind which serves the delightfulness as well as the truth of poetry.

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF WILLIAM COLLINS

By E. H. W. MEYERSTEIN

ONE, and but one, letter of Collins's, has ever been printed (wrote the editor of Pickering's edition in 1830); nor has a careful inquiry after others been successful." This was the letter to Dr. William Hayes, Professor of Music at Oxford, who set the Ode on the Passions, alluding to the then "written" ode on the Music of the Grecian theatre; it is a short formal letter, dated Chichester, November, 8, 1750, and, but for the allusion to the vanished Ode, does not add to our picture of Collins, as his friend Johnson painted it for us in *The Lives of the Poets*.

The acquisition by the British Museum in 1924 of a four-page familiar letter to John Gilbert Cooper in the poet's autograph (for the whereabouts of the original letter to Dr. Hayes is, perhaps, undiscoverable) is a matter of rejoicing, surely, for all lovers of the *Odes*, of whom there must be more now than in 1830, when it was necessary for Sir Egerton Brydges to make the beauties of those compositions known to the general public. With the exception of the copy of the *Persian Eclogues* in the Dyce Collection at South Kensington, corrected in the poet's hand, from which a facsimile title-page is given in the Oxford edition of Collins, there *seems* to be no other specimen of his handwriting extant; it is an easy, legible hand, subject to correction and addition, with a natural, and not inelegant, loop in the lower part of the capital C. Fastidiousness is apparent throughout; in the second line of the letter "at" is written over "in"; just before the mention of the "Medallion" on the second page "the" is written over "my" ("at the head of the paper"); a few lines before the end "am confident" is written over "don't doubt," and "Paper" over "Essay"; omitted words are introduced over the line often without a caret mark. It would be giving the printer too much trouble to indicate all these minutiae in a transcript, but they shed some little light on the epistolary character of the man who, as a poet, was perpetually altering his epithets. But before giving the text of the new letter, I may be pardoned, perhaps, for devoting a little space to the not very eminent person to whom it was addressed.

John Gilbert Cooper was two years younger than William Collins; he was descended from an old Nottinghamshire family, born in 1723, and educated at Westminster School and Trinity, Cambridge, where he was a fellow commoner. He left the University, probably in 1746, and married a grand-daughter of Sir Nathan Wright, a keeper of the Great Seal, in that year. A son, born 1749, who lived but a single day, is commemorated by an affected Latin epitaph (translated many years later into still more affected English in the *Gentleman's Magazine*) in St. Margaret's Church,

Leicester. In 1745 he published *The Power of Harmony*, a poem in two books in blank verse, impregnated with Shaftesbury's philosophy ; its design " is to show that a constant attention to what is perfect and beautiful in nature will by degrees harmonise the soul to a responsive regularity and sympathetic order " : it has been compared with Akenside. For Dodsley's *Museum* he wrote under the pseudonym " Philaretus " ; an *Epistle of Theagenes to Silvia* and *The Estimate of Human Life* (his best poem, I think) are among these contributions. Up to 1749 he concealed his name, but in that year he published a life of Socrates, which led to a quarrel with Warburton. His *Letters on Taste* (1754) is said to have gone through four editions ; but I can find only two in the British Museum.

Johnson, who praised this work, said : " Cooper's genius seemed to shine more in definition than in description ; " a judgment, surely, which is borne out by Cooper's definition of Taste : " An instantaneous feeling of what is beautiful." The " letters " contain two allusions to Collins. In Letter XV, after preferring Gray's *Elegy* to the best performance, in that kind, of Ovid, Tibullus, or Propertius, he asks : " Has Horace any moral Ode equal to Mr. Nugent's *Ode to Mankind*, or any descriptive one to Mr. Collins's *Ode to the Evening* ? " In Letter VII he compares the bare narration used by the ancients with what we should call " subtlety " nowadays ; but the passage had better be quoted, for it must be almost the first *appreciation* of Collins, anterior certainly to Goldsmith's lament : " You know, EUPHEMIUS, the Representations of Nature in her *Simple Retirements*, as I us'd to call a rural evening, were my favourite Subjects ; more especially when the Artist had blended with the Truth of Imitation, that undefinable Delicacy of Taste, to which even TRUTH herself is often indebted for a more agreeable Admittance into the Heart. I will illustrate what I mean by Example. That succinct Picture of the Setting Sun in the 8th Book of the *Iliad*,

Ἐν δ' ἔπεισ' Ὀκεανῷ λαμπρὸν φάος ἡελίοιο,
Ἐλκον νύκτα μέλαιναν ἐπὶ ζεῖδωρον ἄρουραν.

Lin. 485.

Now deep in Ocean sunk the Lamp of Light,
Drawing behind the cloudy veil of Night."

Pope's Translation.

has very strong outlines, and commands the warmest approbation of our *Judgment*, but being unadorn'd with other circumstances, and wanting objects to enliven the Landscape, the Applause ends with the Judgment, and never sinks deep into the heart. Whereas the following scene in Mr. Collins's *Ode to the Evening*, being animated by proper Allegorical Personages, and colour'd highly with incidental expressions warms the breast with a sympathetic glow of retir'd Thoughtfulness.

For when thy folding star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning Lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves.
Who slept in Flow'rs the Day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with Sedge,
 And sheds the fresh'ning Dew, and, lovelier still,
 The Pensive Pleasures sweet."
 Prepare thy shadowy Car.

A note at the foot of the page bids the reader " See a collection of Odes publish'd a few years ago by Mr. *William Collins*, whose neglected genius will hereafter be both an Honour, and a Disgrace to our Nation," and the " letter " concludes with a further reference to the " pensive pleasures " of Collins's Ode.

It was in this very year that Johnson wrote to Joseph Warton on the subject of their mutual friend :—

This busy and forcible mind is now under the government of those who lately would not have been able to comprehend the least and most narrow of its designs. What do you hear of him ? Are there hopes of his recovery ? (March 8, 1754).

and again (December 24) :

Poor dear Collins ! Let me know whether you think it would give him pleasure if I should write to him. I have often been near his state, and therefore have it in great commiseration.

To return to Cooper. In 1755 he published *The Tomb of Shakespeare*, a poem, in the stanza of Gray's *Elegy*, which contains three glaring plagiarisms from Collins :—

In calm contentment's cottaged vale of life

Here Fancy sat (her dewy fingers cold
 Decking with flowerets fresh the unsullied sod)

and the description of Ariel,

First a celestial form (of azure hue •
 Whose mantle, bound with brede ethereal, glow'd
 To each soft breeze its balmy breath that drew)
 Swift down the sunbeams of the noontide rode.

Apropos of the last, one of the couple of references to Cooper in " Boswell " comes to mind :

Being told that Gilbert Cowper dubbed him the Caliban of literature ; " Well, (said he), I must dub him the Punchinello."

The rest of his poetical works (collected edition 1764) can be rapidly dismissed. In *The Genius of Britain, an Ode* (1756) he denounced the proposal to bring Hessian troops to defend the Kingdom ; in 1758, in *The Call of Aristippus*, which follows *Three Epistles to the Great*, he addressed Akenside ; and in 1759 (the year of Collins's death) he translated Gresset's *Vert-Vert*, a piece of work much admired at the time, though the rhyming is very careless. He died in Mayfair, aged 46, ten years later. One of his biographers records that the only instance he displayed of ambition was an attempt to become a vice-president of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce. An amusing, but not

altogether trustworthy, anecdote, illustrating his sentimentality, is to be found in Chalmers's *British Poets* (vol. 15), in the account prefixed to his works. The author of his life (1822, *British Poets*) says of his poetry that "he does not soar heavenward with the pinions of the eagle, but like the humming bird, dressed in brilliant plumage, sports in the sunbeam from flower to flower." Perhaps it is too often the fate of true poets to be thrown up against kindly persons of this description. Cooper, however, made no claims to poetic eminence, but describes his own productions as

Trifles of philosophic pleasure
Composed in literary leisure.

Collins addresses him as follows :

London Tuesday Nov 10th 1747.

Dear Cooper,

Your obliging Pacquet reach'd me last ['Monday' *scratched through*] night, at an hour which I had assign'd for the carrying on my design. I will not lose a line in telling you how sensible I was of your kind promise. I hope our Hearts are form'd so much alike, that yours will imagine the force with wch such generosity must affect mine, without my [having ? *torn by wafer*] recourse to those symptoms of vulgar Friendship verbal acknowledgments. I had wrote to you by Saturday's post, to tell you my thoughts of changing the title which I still think should be : The Friendly Examiner or Letters of Polémon and Philéthus ; or the Plain Dealer, with the same Appendix. In regard to the Clar- [*sic*] I think it nimis fastuosum (to talk like Le Sage's Salzedo) and apprehend it may be dislik'd by a *particular Body of Jealous Literati* at the same time that I conceive the above to be more modest [p. 2.] and equally comprehensive. You found by my last that I propos'd the more literary papers should fall under the name of Polémon and the more lusory or Comic under that of Philéthus. In order to Hint this at the head of the Paper, I shall have a medallion engrav'd of two elegant Heads a l'antique thus [*here a drawing of two classical profiles one against the other, both looking to their right, quite small*] (Don't you think 'em a l'antique ?) over the lower part of the necks of which there shall be a veil thrown, from under which a little *Art* shall appear writing on a Roman scroll, and a *Satyr* either in contrast holding up another, or writing on part of the same, or suppose the veil to be upheld by *Friendship*, who may at the same time point to the Relievo of the Medallion while she discovers the ornaments of the base by supporting the veil. The Motto to the first Paper shall be with your approbation, Duo turba sumus. That to the second part, or the Paper of Philéthus, Idonea dicere vitae or illustrans Commoda vitae, and that which shall [p. 3] appear at the head of the next of Polémon

Usus vetusto genere, sed rebus novis. Phaedr.

or

Plus operis quanto veniae minus or &c. &c. &c. &c.

In the course of the Paper may be introduc'd New Characters such as, if it be not too ancient, Athenaeus, from whom whom [*sic, the second 'whom' inserted above the line*] any Poetical fragments of our best writers, such as some MSS. of Fairfax which I can procure, or any anecdotes of their lives &c. might with the greatest propriety come.

Thus far a desire of consulting you has carried me into a forgetfulness of the Essay, with which I have been so much charm'd till this half hour, when I began talking to you.

It is my sincere opinion that the subject could not have been treated in a more Picturesque or forcible Allegory, and I am confident I am at least qualified to give the Public one Beautifull Paper. Allow me, Dear Cooper, to thank you from the sincerest gratitude yet, before I leave you, for tho' I think it unnecessary, yet I feel it too natural to be resisted. Yours most affly and singly.

Wm Collins.

[p. 4] The town has enough of Foote. He played Saturday at C Garden for the 3rd Time to almost an Empty House. There is a song of Colley Cibber's perform'd tonight at Drury Lane call'd Tit for Tat, or The Sailors Rendezvous at Portsmouth. Rich is to entertain the Town with a new actor in the Part of Pierre his name is Sowden a man of great Pretence and some fortune. The Opera was crowded but went off, as the musicians term it, ill. Frasi is engaged for Ranelagh next season with Beard.

To John Gilbert Cooper Junr Esq.

at Mrs. Farmer's

in Leicester These

The letter is endorsed in a contemporary hand, Cooper's presumably, "The Famous William Collins, 1747."

If dates go for anything in the lives of men of genius, these four friendly pages may have been written when Collins was sad at heart. Eleven months before he had published his *Odes* with Millar, and (to quote Mr. Iolo Williams) they had fallen like lead on a leaden world. Had he yet recovered the unsold copies, and burned them? We may be sure, from the tone of this letter, that he had forgiven his friend Joseph Warton *his* success. Was *The Friendly Examiner* published? I can find no trace of it (I hope I have not searched carefully enough) under any of its titles. Perhaps it was one of the "many projects" of which Johnson speaks, like the tragedies, or the history of the Revival of Learning, of which not even the printed proposals seem to have come down to us. The "Essays" printed at the end of the *Letters on Taste* (2nd edition) may represent something of his share in this project, if indeed the *Letters* themselves did not arise out of it.

Of one thing we may be certain, that the letter is characteristic of its writer as a poet and a man. There is the reference to Le Sage (see the note at the end of *The Manners*) and to the translator of Tasso:

How have I sat, when pip'd the pensive wind,

To hear his harp, by British FAIRFAX strung

(Highland Ode).

Were the MSS. of which he speaks the twelve "Eclogues" of that poet, or, possibly, Add. MSS., 11743, 11744? We know from Thomas Warton that Collins had much earlier poetry in his library, and no doubt he knew whence to procure it. The postscript bears out John Ragsdale's testimony:

He was an acceptable companion everywhere; and, among the gentlemen who loved him for a genius, I may reckon Doctors Armstrong, Barrowby and Hill, Messrs. Quin, Garrick, and Foote, who frequently took his opinion on their pieces before they were seen by the public. He was particularly noticed by the geniuses who frequented the Bedford and Slaughter's Coffee Houses. From his knowledge

of Garrick he had the liberty of the scenes and the green-room, where he made diverting observations on the vanity and false consequence of that class of people ; and his manner of relating them to his particular friends was extremely entertaining.

And Gilbert White tells us that he was " passionately fond of music."

Footo was playing in *Tea at 6.30* in November, 1747, but that was at the Haymarket, according to Genest, who does not mention the *name* of Sowden in the performance of *Venice Preserv'd* of December 4, 1747, when Pierre was played by a " gentleman, his first appearance on any Stage" (iv. 247). Sowden afterwards became joint manager with Victor of the Smock Alley Theatre, Dublin, 1754 (Hitchcock, *Annals of the Irish Stage*. Vol. I, p. 251). Giulia Frasi was reserved for a higher destiny than Ranelagh, singing in the Oratorios *Solomon* and *Susannah* for the first time in 1749. John Beard, the tenor, whose connection with Handel is well known, married the daughter of John Rich (Gay's Rich) in 1759. The song of Colley Cibber might, perhaps, be traced. So much for the persons of the postscript.

For the purposes of comparison I subjoin the only other available letter of Collins, written shortly before the disease which had long threatened to destroy his intellect assumed a more decided character. It is accessible in Mr. Stone's edition of the poems (Clarendon Press), but a reader of the new letter may not have that, and be troubled when he wants to look it up ; it was originally printed in the supplementary volume of Seward's *Anecdotes*:

Sir,

Mr. Blackstone of Winchester some time since informed me of the honour you had done me at Oxford last summer ; for which I return you my sincere thanks. I have another more perfect copy of the Ode [*The Passions*] ; which, had I known your obliging design, I would have communicated to you. Inform me by a line, if you should think one of my better judgment acceptable. In such case I could send you one written on a nobler subject ; and which, though I have been persuaded to bring it forth in London, I think more calculated for an audience in the university. The subject is the Music of the Grecian Theatre ; in which I have, I hope naturally, introduced the various characters with which the chorus was concerned, as Oedipus, Medea, Electra, Orestes, etc. etc. The composition too is probably more correct, as I have chosen the ancient tragedies for my models, and only copied the most affecting passages in them.

In the meantime, you would greatly oblige me by sending the score of the last. If you can get it written, I will readily answer the expense. If you send it with a copy or two of the ode (as printed at Oxford) to Mr. Clarke, at Winchester, he will forward it to me here. I am, Sir,

With great respect,

Your obliged humble servant,

William Collins.

Chichester, Sussex, November 8, 1750.

P.S. Mr. Clarke past some days here while Mr. Worgan was with me ; from whose friendship, I hope, he will receive some advantage.

THE SCHOOLMASTER IN LITERATURE

By J. C. STOBART

IF you are interested in schoolmasters, whether in the active or the passive, or merely the reminiscent mood, you will find that literature sheds a flood of light, rather lurid light, upon that respectable profession. If, on the other hand, you are interested in literature, you will find its treatment of schoolmasters an exceedingly instructive sample of its capacity for doing justice to a profession, its skill in the characterisation of a class, and generally you may be enabled to judge of its claim to hold the mirror up to Nature. If you should happen to be interested in both, as many schoolmasters are, you may be able to answer one of those especially choice examination questions which begin, "Estimate the reciprocal influence"

In the old days one would have been bound to begin an article of this kind with some reference to the classics. But since the recent discovery of the Bible by Sir Arthur Quiller Couch and its official approval as literature by Sir Henry Newbolt's Committee, no student of literature can afford to ignore the Bible. It must be admitted that the Bible has nothing whatever to say about Schoolmasters. That is odd, and irregular. It can hardly be that there were no schoolmasters in the Holy Land. It is hard to conceive of a land being really holy without that commodity. Nor can one easily believe that Holy Writ expressly omitted schoolmasters as a topic unfit for treatment. Is it more likely that our canon has been deliberately expurgated by members of the modest profession?

We are therefore compelled to fall back upon the Classics for our first paragraph, and we can begin by saying that the first schoolmaster in literature is also the noblest. Among his leading attributes were wisdom, virtue, generosity. He attended to the education of the heart as well as the head, and he was by no means neglectful of the paramount importance of athletic sports. Among his distinguished pupils were Peleus, Achilles, Jason and Heracles, each of whom did credit to his teaching, especially on the physical side. But Cheiron was no ordinary schoolmaster. Ordinary schoolmasters have, at the most, two legs, and Cheiron had four. We know, or we used to know, a great deal about the educational theories of the Greeks. But, except for Lampriscus and a Pedagogue or two, who only appear in the drama as nurses, we know practically nothing about classical schoolmasters in the days before classics were Classics. We know that Horace would never have been the man he was, would certainly never have held his remarkable theories about metre, had it not been for his schoolmaster. But the one fact we know about Orbilius is told us in a single word, and many other schoolmasters have earned the epithet "plagosus."

We can infer that Orbilius was a strict disciplinarian, that he believed in the gospel of hard work, that he was an adherent of corporal punishment, and that he did not favour the unlimited encouragement of juvenile precocity. All this is to his credit. But a single adjective is scanty material for a biography.

Chaucer's Clerke is tenderly sketched. Indeed the line that is sweetest in all literature to the scholastic ear is Chaucer's "Gladly would he learn and gladly teach."

The next schoolmaster one thinks of is Dr. Pangloss. It may be Voltaire's fault, or it may be our own, that it is difficult to think of Pangloss with true respect. Every schoolmaster is in some moments liable to human frailty, but Archduchesses deserve a certain measure of reverence. Dr. Pangloss erred : his ducal pupil erred also. Dr. Pangloss was punished for his offence, and there is no need for us to add to his punishment. But he was, in the vulgar speech, an oily old humbug.

Have we forgotten Shakespeare ? Heaven forbid ! One of the few things we do know about Shakespeare is Walter Roche. Now Walter Roche was undoubtedly a fine schoolmaster. No one can deny that, because we really know nothing about him except that he had a part in the education of William Shakespeare. Unfortunately Shakespeare was not a grateful poet. His typical schoolboy did not run to school in a glow of eager receptivity. He crept thither unwillingly, like a snail. When Shakespeare had to sketch the lineaments of a schoolmaster, he did it in the comic vein. Tragedies might be written on such a theme as the schoolmaster compelled from a sense of duty to birch his favourite pupil, or discovering that there was a mistake in the fair copy he gave out last Friday, when he was suffering agonies from neuralgia and his wife had just run away with a business man. These are fit themes, but Shakespeare did not happen to use them. His only real portrait of a schoolmaster is the caricature of Holofernes in *Love's Labour's Lost*. Holofernes gets his name from Rabelais and his character out of the commonplace book. The whole play is a study in pedantry, and Holofernes is the archpedant in it. He seeks to impress the clowns with his learning in three languages and is unmercifully baited by the Court when he tries to act in a play. He is as stupid as Nick Bottom with less excuse and less sympathy. Holofernes never has the luck to embrace a fairy queen. Sir Hugh Evans in *The Merry Wives* can hardly be called a schoolmaster. He is a Welsh parson brought in to balance a French doctor. He took a few pupils, as, I suppose, Welsh parsons generally do, and he spoke broken English, which is very amusing. In one short scene he appears as a genuine schoolmaster interviewing a parent and a pupil. The scene recalls the Third Mime of Herondas, and is probably taken from the common stock of comedy. But Shakespeare's views on the scholastic profession remain in doubt, as do Shakespeare's views on all other subjects. It is possible that he had no views. He lived a long time ago, and people were not bound to have views before there were interviewers.

It may seem odd that in the very centuries when all our great schools were being founded no imaginative author thought it worth while to write about schools or schoolmasters. It is so. No poet writes about insulin or monkey-glands or gliders to-day. It is not until things are old and nearly obsolete that one begins to perceive their romantic possibilities. Milton, as has lately been demonstrated, was himself a schoolmaster, but his co-professionals neither adorn his Heaven nor deform his Hell.

It is not until we reach the latter part of the Eighteenth Century that literature begins to embrace the schoolmaster. But it is not, even then, a loving embrace. Oliver Goldsmith was the gentlest of men, and he writes his *Deserted Village* in a mood of tender melancholy, but when he comes to the village school, he can hardly refrain from giving the schoolmaster a few jolts in his most sensitive places : his omniscience and his sense of humour. This was unkind. This was unworthy. It confirms our worst suspicions of the Eighteenth Century's heartlessness. Shenstone's *Schoolmistress* was a fierce old matron.

The Nineteenth Century first began to descend from the general to the particular, and condescended to describe the world about it. Crabbe, who dressed a nineteenth century mind in eighteenth century garments, was the first writer to deal with the schoolmaster in a vein of realism. Crabbe attempted to describe the entire educational system of his day, from the Dame-school

That where a deaf, poor, patient widow sits
And awes some thirty infants as she knits,
Infants of humble busy wives who pay
Some trifling price for freedom through the day. . . .

In these apparently harmless lines Crabbe is levelling a deadly shaft at the profession. The humblest dame of them all conceives herself to be an educationist, training faculties and moulding character. To call any teacher a mere child-minder and to emphasise the fact that what parents really pay for is freedom from the worry of children is most unpalatable doctrine. That mischievous prophet, Mr. Bernard Shaw, once administered the same dose to a society of earnest teachers. He reminded them that the richer people are, the less they see of their children. Crabbe's masters are no happier than his dames. There is poor Reuben Dixon worried with rent-day charges and coalman's bills :

Ah, little thinks the timid, trembling crowd
That one so wise, so powerful and so proud
Should feel himself and dread the humble ills
Of rent-day charges and of coalman's bills. . . .

Reuben has no nerves.

'Mid noise and dirt and stench and play and prate
He calmly cuts the pen or views the slate.

Leonard, the public schoolmaster of the poem, is in an even worse situation :

But Leonard ! Yes, for Leonard's fate I grieve
 Who loathes the station which he dares not leave.
 He cannot dig ; he will not beg his bread.
 All his dependence rests upon his head :
 And deeply skilled in sciences and arts,
 On vulgar lads he wastes superior parts.

Cowper objected to the moral influence of the great public schools :

The meek and bashful boy will soon be taught
 To be as bold and forward as he ought.
 The rude will scuffle through with ease enough ;
 Great schools suit best the sturdy and the rough.
 Ah, happy designation ! Prudent choice !
 Th' event is sure : expect it and rejoice ;
 Soon see your wish fulfilled in either child :
 The pert made perter, and the tame made wild.

We know how Gray sighed over the little victims of Eton College, and how Blake had compassion for those innocents :

But to go to school in a summer morn,
 Oh, it drives all joy away !
 Under a cruel eye outworn
 The little ones spend the day—
 In sighing and dismay.

Prose fiction, originally a daughter of the Comic Muse, took over from the drama a number of its stock characters, and among them the comic pedant, whether schoolmaster or tutor. Mr. Thwackum is not much of an improvement on Dr. Pangloss. This divine believed heartily in original sin and strove to exorcise it by the methods appropriate to his cognomen. He was ugly, cruel and deceitful, and his vices stand out in contrast with the virtues of his pupil. But *Tom Jones* also contains the portrait of a poor devil of a village schoolmaster. Poor Partridge taught a school of seven parish boys who were learning to read and write and two sons of neighbouring squires, the elder of whom was just entered into his Syntaxis at the age of seventeen. In the Eighteenth Century that meant that he was terribly backward, though in this age he would probably have won a scholarship at any university. Partridge was a woeful figure ; to make a living he had to act as clerk and barber as well as schoolmaster. The Squire gave him £10 every Christmas. Among his other treasures was a wife, whom he had married out of Mr. Allworthy's kitchen for the fortune of £20 which she had there amassed, a hideous scold, whose jealousy cost poor Partridge his humble job.

As the art of fiction developes, we find novelists trying to give life and verisimilitude even to the minor characters. Jane Austen has no dummies in her pages. Mrs. Goddard, in *Emma*, was the mistress of a school, " not a seminary, or establishment, or anything which professed in long sentences of refined nonsense to combine liberal sentiments with elegant morality upon new systems and new principles—and where young ladies

for enormous pay might be screwed out of health and into vanity—but a real, honest, old-fashioned boarding-school, where a reasonable quantity of accomplishments were sold for a reasonable price, and where girls might be sent to be out of the way, and scramble themselves into a little education without any danger of coming back prodigies.” Mrs. Goddard had “an ample house and garden, gave the children plenty of wholesome food, let them run about a great deal in summer, and in winter dressed their chilblains with her own hands.” It was no wonder that a train of twenty young couples now walked after her to Church. Mrs. Goddard was a “plain, motherly kind of woman, who had worked hard in her youth and now thought herself entitled to the occasional holiday of a tea-visit.” Her first assistant, Miss Nash, thought her sister very well married to a linendraper, and Emma merely remarked that one would be sorry to see greater pride or refinement in the teacher of a school.

About the same period, that is about one hundred years ago, Charles Lamb was making some illuminating remarks about schoolmasters. It is surprising how this harmless fraternity of schoolmasters seems to stir the kindest of writers to venom. The gentle Elia is as fierce, after his kind, as the simple Cowper, the innocent Blake and the genial Goldsmith. Every schoolmaster should read, for the good of his soul, once every year at the least, that Essay of Elia upon the Old and the New Schoolmaster. Oddly enough, the New Schoolmaster of 1823 is still the new schoolmaster in 1924. The Old Schoolmaster then, as now, was a man who taught his pupils a few things but taught them thoroughly. Even so The Old Cook was always efficient, always respectful, and always contented. One doubts at times whether these paragons ever existed. If they did, it seems probable that the Old Schoolmaster married the Old Cook and died without issue. The New Schoolmaster, a hundred years ago, professed omniscience and was a bore. Elia met him on an omnibus between Shacklewell and Bishopsgate. He still rides on the same omnibus. Elia could not, at first, guess his occupation; he talked so informatively on all subjects. He was a staid-looking gentleman on the wrong side of thirty (whichever side that is) and he entertained the unresisting Elia with discourse on the price of cotton, the rental value of all the retail shops in London, and the comparative merits of the provision for the poor in past and present times. He advanced queries relative to the North Pole Expedition. This man is not dead. One meets him not only on the tops of 'buses but in the free seats at Lord's. He is doomed to roam the world, like the Wandering Jew, in quest of a good listener. It has been remarked that the only happy schoolmasters are those who have found a good listener and married her. You may remember that the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table married a little schoolmistress. No doubt she deserved it. Charles Lamb says of his New Schoolmaster.

He can receive no pleasure from a casual glimpse of Nature but must catch at it as an object of instruction. . . . The Universe—that Great Book, as it has been called—is indeed to him, to all intents and purposes, a book, out of which he is

doomed to read tedious homilies to distasting school boys. . . . He is boy-sick, sick of perpetual boy. . . . Why are we never quite at our ease in the presence of a schoolmaster ? Because we are conscious that he is not quite at ease in ours. . . . He comes like Gulliver from among his little people and he cannot fit the stature of his understanding to yours.

There is a significant contrast between the three great giants of Fiction in their handling of this theme. Sir Walter Scott's famous figure of a pedant has very little more reality than Shakespeare's. Good Scots laugh hugely every time Dominie Sampson says "Pro-deeg-ious!", and one cannot be angry with them for it. But Dominie Sampson was not a real schoolmaster. He was a real librarian and an umquhile stickit minister, occasionally employed as a tutor. But he has no recorded service under the 1918 Act. He only serves to draw a little more ridicule upon the maligned art. Another pedant is concealed in one of those introductions which nobody reads to-day unless they are confirmed Scotsmen or in some way paid to read Scott all through. The most pleasing feature of Jedediah Cleishbotham is his name. There are other schoolmasters in Scott, but one is left wondering whether he ever drew one from life. Thackeray, also, takes little trouble with professional folk. Dr. Tusher is a mere Thwackum, when he is anything but a mere foil to the ingenious Jesuit, Father Holt. Miss Pinkerton is Thackeray's only studied effort in pedagogy. This "pompous old Minerva," this "Semiramis of Hammer-smith" (though she really lived on the Chiswick Mall), was the friend of Dr. Johnson and the correspondent of Mrs. Chapone herself. Her parting billet to Mrs. Sedley on the subject of Amelia's accomplishments may still serve as a model of the epistolary art. But she soon disappears; there is no lasting place in Vanity Fair for such as "Your most obliged humble servant, Barbara Pinkerton." Did you remember her Christian name?

On the other hand, Dickens, who must have had precious little opportunity of observing the genus in its natural habitat, the school, favours us with a whole picture-gallery of schoolmasters, including almost every branch of the profession. The most famous portraits in this gallery are the caricatures. As a rule Dickens was a crusader first, a character-artist second, and a story-teller third. He had supremely great gifts in all three directions, but unfortunately the three capacities often clashed. As the public generally prefers the cruder effects, it is the crusading caricatures that are the most popular. Mr. Squeers and Mr. Creakle are both, in rather different ways, monsters of cruelty, though neither of them is a mere monster. It is due, perhaps, to the fact that the artist never quite succumbed to the crusader in Charles Dickens, that we do not wholly abominate Squeers. For one thing, he was the least objectionable member of his family. We are left with the feeling which the Master meant us to have, that the system was wrong. The product of another Dickensian crusade is Mr. McChoakumchild, the exponent of the Gradgrind school of Hard Fact. *Hard Times* is a wooden book and this particular schoolmaster never comes quite to life. The whole of *Dombey and Son* is one crusade

against Mammon, but in spite of that there is real life in the portraits of little Paul's preceptors.

The point is, in this case, to show how well-to-do worldly merchants sometimes make their children the victims of their ambition. The celebrated Mrs. Pipchin was a "marvellous ill-favoured, ill-conditioned old lady, of a stooping figure, with a mottled face like a bad marble, a hook nose, and a hard grey eye, that looked as if it might have been hammered at on an anvil without sustaining any injury. Mr. Pipchin's relict still wore black bombazeen of such a deep, dead, sombre shade that gas itself could not light it up after dark." She was a famous manager of children, and the secret of her management was to give them everything that they didn't like and nothing that they did. There is a beautiful description of the castle of this ogress. At six years old, little Paul appeared to Mr. Dombey to be falling behind in his studies and was passed on to the care of Dr. Blimber, who had mentioned several instances of boys in Greek at that age. Dr. Blimber's is a cramming establishment. It is amusingly but not extravagantly portrayed. There was nothing deliberately unkind about Dr. Blimber, nor about any of the Doctor's remarkable household. His table was generous. Mrs. Blimber was not learned herself, but she pretended to be, and that did just as well. She used to say at evening parties that if she could have known Cicero she thought she could have died contented. About Miss Blimber there was no light nonsense, she kept her hair short and crisp, and wore spectacles. She was dry and sandy with working in the graves of deceased languages. "None of your live languages for Miss Blimber. They must be dead, stone dead, and then Miss Blimber dug them up like a ghoul." The remaining member of the establishment was Mr. Feeder, B.A., a kind of human barrel-organ with a list of tunes at which he was continually working.

But the most realistic portrait of a schoolmaster in all Dickens, and possibly in all literature, is Bradley Headstone, the murderer. *Our Mutual Friend* is full of queer characters in the fashionable milieu of the Podsnaps and the Veneerings, the underworld of Wapping and the outer suburban ring which included the Boffins with Mr. Venus and Silas Wegg. Amidst all these fantastic figures the haggard form of the miserable haunted schoolmaster stands out with startling realism. We see this "highly certificated stipendiary" in his decent black coat and waistcoat and decent white shirt, and decent formal black tie, and decent pantaloons of pepper and salt, with his decent silver watch in his pocket and decent watch-guard round his neck. From his early childhood up, his mind had been a place of mechanical stowage, history here, geography there, astronomy to the right, political economy to the left. "The habit of questioning and being questioned had given him a suspicious manner, or a manner that would be better described as one of lying in wait. There was a kind of settled trouble in his face. . . ." In the Girls' School next door there was a pathetic little mistress, Emma Peecher, who silently worshipped him when his love was so tragically fixed upon Lizzie Hexam. Is there

any finer tragic development in all fiction than the way Bradley is gradually goaded into hatred of his rival, Eugene Wrayburn? It is surely a very remarkable thing that Dickens takes the side of the idle, dissolute Eugene against the worthy and industrious Bradley, of the smart barrister against the poor schoolmaster, of the gentleman with very doubtful intentions against the lover whose intentions were altogether honourable. One might have expected Dickens to take the other side. But in all their commerce Eugene is triumphant, the worthless barrister continually scoring hits with his languid repartee while the miserable usher squirms with helpless fury. Was Bradley Headstone damned for being a schoolmaster? It looks like it.

Of course, other writers have been struck with the tragic possibilities inherent in the position of the schoolmaster-murderer surrounded by his innocent pupils. Few stories of real crime are more poignant than the actual records of the detection of the real Eugene Aram's crime thirteen years after it was committed in 1745. Both Thomas Hood and Bulwer Lytton have immortalised that actual case. More recently Mr. Hugh Walpole has attempted the schoolmaster-murderer. But Mr. Perrin is a poor figure of an assassin in every way. His crime was extenuated by the fact that Mr. Traill had borrowed his umbrella without permission, and that the attempted murder of a colleague towards the end of term was apparently considered a fairly normal event in the circles which educated Mr. Walpole. It is only the feeble execution of the crime with which we can seriously quarrel. Mr. Perrin had practised on the mutton at dinner, he had had the knife specially sharpened, and yet he could not cut his colleague's throat. It is true that he tried to make amends by pushing him over a cliff, but even that was done in a half-hearted manner.

Returning to the great novelists we find some life-like sketches of the scholastic profession in George Eliot. Bartle Massey's night-school in *Adam Bede* is a picture drawn from life: "Rough men painfully holding pen or pencil in their cramped hands, or humbly labouring through their reading-lesson." Bartle Massey is a well-drawn character, and there is a grain or two of truth in some of his misogynisms: "A woman 'ull bake a pie every week of her life and never come to see that the hotter the oven the shorter the time—make your porridge every day and never think of measuring the proportion between the milk and the meal." The Rev. Mr. Stelling in *The Mill on the Floss* is a slighter sketch of a rather conceited clerical tutor of classical leanings.

If there was one thing that the Brontë sisters thoroughly understood by observation and bitter experience, it was the heart of a governess. The establishment at Lowood is as cruel and disgusting as anything in Dickens and infinitely more hypocritical. Miss Temple shines out as the good schoolmistress in a horrible atmosphere of cruelty, disease and piety. Then another school comes into the same novel: the little village school of which Jane Eyre was herself the mistress for a short time. Jane was such a promising teacher that it seems a pity that her romance had its

happy ending so soon. At least, one calls it a happy ending, though one cannot feel very sure of Mr. Rochester.

There may be some doubt as to which is the best school story that ever was written, but if it is a question of girls' schools there can be no doubt: *Villette* contains some of the most brilliant school pictures in all fiction, and of M. Paul Emanuel one can say "Here is the tyrant-schoolmaster, understood at last!" Nerves are the secret which eluded Dickens. Few secrets of the human heart eluded Charlotte Brontë.

It is a pity that the great doctor of professional psychology, Anthony Trollope, never gave his mind to schoolmasters. Deserting the clergy for a moment in *Orley Farm*, he showed what he could do with lawyers, but the reputation of any profession would not be likely to gain much from Trollope's faithful handling, and perhaps the schoolmasters have been sufficiently scarified by other analysts. Kingsley showed that he could draw a nice little village schoolmistress in *Two Years Ago*, and a dear old dame in the *Water Babies*. American fiction contributes a comic schoolmaster of the gawky, imbecile type, rather like an attenuated Dominie Sampson, in the person of Ebenezer Crane of *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*.

Very little in the realm of human character remained untravelled when Meredith and Hardy had finished their work. Both were interested in the schoolmaster for his own sake. In the *Egoist* Meredith takes pains to test his characters on the touchstone of a small boy. There could be no finer test of egoism. Willoughby's concealed fault is detected more by the alternate tyranny and spoiling with which he treats young Crossjay than by his relations with women. It is this that leagues the two fair ladies against him and on the side of the true schoolmaster, Vernon Whitford. Meredith loved human boys, he loved scholarly gentlemen, and above all he admired the open-air English type of man whom we can label as the ideal scoutmaster. Matthew Weyburn, in *Lord Ormont*, is the finished portrait of this type. If he is less scholarly than Vernon Whitford, he is younger, more athletic and more ardently idealistic. The book should be of great interest to the scholastic profession, not only because it lays down the plan of a new type of international public school, which is now actually coming into trial, but because the whole book deals with the status of the profession. Matthew Weyburn abandons his early dreams of military glory, becomes a secretary and hopes to become a schoolmaster. The question is, can a schoolmaster be a hero? It is Aminta who has to answer the question, and in the end we leave her as the wife of the Head Master of a boys' school in Switzerland. The treatment of this theme goes very deep into the usher's heart. For instance:

He thought of the old Brown days and "he had about him the living foamy sparkle of the very time, until the Countess breathed the word *Schoolmaster*, when at once it was dusty land where foaming waters had been. . . . Blessed antagonism drove him to be braced by thoughts upon the hardest of the schoolmaster's tasks—bright winter thoughts, prescribing to him satisfaction with the sowing, which may be his only reaping. Away fly the boys in sheaves. After his toil with them,

to instruct, restrain, animate, point their minds, they leave him, they plunge into the world and are gone. Will he see them again? It is a flickering perhaps. To sustain his belief that he has done serviceable work, he must be sure of his having charged them with good matter."

At another time Aminta raises a query which all schoolmasters ought to be prepared to answer: the same point that Charles Lamb insinuated in that remark about Gulliver.

"Is much, I mean, constant, looking down on young people likely to pull one's mind down to their level?"

Weyburn answers finely:

"Likely enough to betray our level, if there's danger. But if we have great literature and an interest in the world's affairs, can there be any fear of it? The schoolmaster ploughs to make a better world, I hope. He must live with them, join with them in their games . . . leading them all the while as the bigger school-fellow does, if he's a good fellow. He has to be careful not to smell of his office. . . . He must like all boys. And it's human nature not so far removed from the dog; only it's supple human nature; there's the beauty of it. We train it. Nothing is more certain than that it will grow upward. . . . It's not scaling Alps or commanding armies, true!"

"It may be better," said Aminta.

After the optimist, the pessimist. The most depressing of all Hardy's depressing books is *Jude the Obscure*, and the most depressing character in it is the schoolmaster, Phillotson. He is no doubt a useful antidote to Matthew Weyburn. It was Phillotson who inspired young Jude, his pupil at the night school, with that desire for learning which brought him nothing but disillusionment, ruin and tragedy. His parting words to Jude were: "Be kind to animals and birds and read all you can." But Phillotson proved to be a feeble beacon. His own desire for learning soon evaporated and he settled down to the dulllest existence of a rural schoolmaster, from which he was only aroused by the periodical incursions of Jude and his sweetheart, Sue Bridehead. Before the tragedies came upon her, Sue was a lively little Pupil Teacher, "a very free-thinking girl, a perfect Voltaire." Phillotson feebly marries her, feebly lets her go to Jude and feebly takes her back again.

This is how Phillotson's wife and assistant teacher talks to Jude:

"I have been thinking that the social moulds civilisation fits us into have no more relation to our actual shapes than the conventional shapes of the constellations have to the real star-patterns. I am called Mrs. Richard Phillotson, living a calm married life with my counterpart of that name. But I am not really Mrs. Richard Phillotson, but a woman tossed about, all alone, with aberrant passions and unaccountable antipathies."

Shakespeare would have made short work of this Twentieth Century schoolmaster with a single rude Sixteenth Century word.

One is tempted to stray, at this point, into the territory of School Stories, but that is too wide a field. There are, however, two school stories which rank by general consent as Literature. You have only to

read *Eric* to see how *Tom Brown's Schooldays* deserves its rank as a classic. Both books were written for the moral edification of boys, and both authors are constantly in the pulpit, but there the resemblance ends. There is manly eloquence in *Tom Brown* where there is sugary sentiment in *Eric*. There is always a spice of salt in Rugby pi-jaws, and even the Doctor himself has a twinkle in his eye from time to time. Nobody at Roslyn smiles. Thomas Hughes, however, is much more interested in boys than in masters. There are only two who are drawn in any detail, the Doctor, almost a full-length portrait of Arnold, and the Young Master, also drawn from life. These men are masters but they are also men.

The other school story which ranks as literature is *Stalky and Co.*, and that is more on account of the author's energy of invention and muscularity of expression than because it is really a good picture of boyhood. The boys of Kipling are no more faithfully rendered than the boys in juvenile fiction of the Sexton Blake school. The three heroes are miracles of audacity, more cunning than Red Indians and wiser than any of their masters save one or two. It is strange that Kipling, who evidently likes grown up men to stand along the touchline and shout as one man when it is a question of patriotism, should have considered it far, far nobler in boys to creep away and smoke pipes by themselves rather than to back up their side in a house-match. *Stalky* is by no means the only school story which provokes public school men to remark, "Well, there may be schools like that, but thank God I never saw one!" The masters in *Stalky* may for the most part be assigned to the usual three categories of usherdom in literature, Bullies, Pedants and Imbeciles. Mr. King inclines to the first two, Mr. Prout to the last two, Mr. Hartopp wholly to the third. They are policemen vainly pursuing juvenile versions of Raffles. One thing Kipling has added to the received literary tradition about schoolmasters. He realises that the bullying of the modern bully is mostly done with the sarcastic tongue. It must be confessed that Mr. Kipling has made reparation to Mr. King in *Regulus*. Then of course there is a sketch of the Kiplingian ideal schoolmaster in the Prussian Bates, the headmaster who inspired respect as a veritable Sherlock Holmes in the detection of crime and a mighty wielder of the cane in execution. And there is the chaplain, the Rev. John Gillet, who, if he ever existed, did so at the expense of probability. A decent schoolboy would surely resent the intrusions of a chaplain with a pipe who was habitually disloyal to his colleagues of the common room. In short, I charge *Stalky and Co.* with violating the decencies of English Public School life. The heroes may read Ruskin and Browning on the sly, but they prey upon the fags, steal their butterfly-nets and their potted ham. Though they object to "jelly-bellied flag-flappers," they are at heart imperialists of the worst description. The book as a whole exalts the morality of the bad kind of school story and confuses the boundaries of right and wrong.

The type of tyrant-schoolmaster has been sketched in recent times by William de Morgan in *Joseph Vance*. The Rev. Dr. Boyce Lasher is a

beautifully named specimen, a regular brute with a corresponding influence upon his school. Stevenson invents a novel type in the Muskegon Commercial Academy. There are pathetic schoolmarms in Quality Street. Mr. H. G. Wells has given us many brilliant and mordant little sketches.

The modern novel of the autobiographical style is very apt to introduce a number of the author's old masters in the first chapter. *Sinister Street*, and *Sonia*, and the *Loom of Youth* and many other such books seem to have been partly inspired by the desire of young writers to retaliate upon their instructors or to show up their old schools. The ill birds of the proverb have become fashionable for their plumage of epigram.

On a review of the whole of this material, it must be confessed that the schoolmaster comes badly out of literature. The charges made against him are (1) tyranny and brutality, (2) pedantry and dullness, (3) awkwardness or imbecility in worldly wisdom. Why is this? It would be easy to make the schoolmaster's defence. It might be effective to remind literature how much it owes to the school, and then ask about its claim to teach true views of life and hold up a mirror to Nature. But I suppose the real fact is that none of the professions comes well out of literature—not even literature itself. Literature is still so predominantly romantic that it has little affection to spare for unheroic bread-winners like lawyers, doctors, clergymen and schoolmasters. These professionals are the supers of the literary stage, and it is from them that authors extract their comic relief. But this is not the whole truth. Literature has faithfully represented the faults to which the scholastic profession is prone. Just as clergymen are liable to become pompous and insincere and to lose their sense of humour, just as lawyers often grow formal, dull and tricky, so do many schoolmasters fail to rise above the characteristic faults of their occupation, and they ought to be grateful to the only monitor that dares to remind them of their danger. As the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table remarks, "All lecturers, all professors, all schoolmasters have ruts and grooves in their minds, into which their conversation is perpetually sliding."

But the schoolmaster can retort upon literature with exactly the same charge. Literature has its ruts and grooves. It is fatally easy for the writer who has occasion to draw a schoolmaster to reach him down ready-made from the lumber room where pedants and bullies and bores are laid up in plenty.

CORRESPONDENCE

SCILENS

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—In quoting a “scilence” of 1581 from the N.E.D., your Danish correspondent of last month has caught me nodding, for I certainly ought to have noticed it, little as it affects the main thesis of my paper in *Shakespeare's Hand in the Play of Sir Thomas More*. There is nothing greatly surprising in this spelling turning up so late in the century; indeed, a short while back a friend drew my attention to an instance in the MS. of *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*, which belongs to 1611—and in time no doubt others will be discovered. Nevertheless, it is most unlikely that “scilence” will prove to be anything but “a rare form,” which is all I claimed for “scilens,” and so far no contemporary parallel to “scilens” itself has come to light. Froken Hjort has moreover misapprehended the general drift of my argument, which depends rather upon the agreement of a large number of forms than upon the rarity of any one of them. It is, for example, inconceivable to me that if, as she suggests, the notable spellings in the Quartos were due to compositors, they would tally so exactly in what they exclude as well as in what they include, with the spellings of the Three Pages.

Further, her reference to *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece* and to the abnormal spellings in Ascham's *Schoolmaster* shows that she has failed to grasp the relationship between the Elizabethan printer and his copy, upon which an important article by Dr. W. W. Greg has appeared since I first attempted to outline the theory (v. *The Library*, Sept., 1923). Lastly, her list of misprints from *The Unfortunate Traveller* are worthless as evidence, seeing that they are taken from a modern reprint of the second edition of the original, in which none of them save “infamie” and two spellings (yeolow, bergomast) is to be found, that they are nothing but a handful of “literals” of which this second edition, evidently very hastily set up from the first, is full, and that therefore they have no connection whatever with the question of misreading of the author's MS.—all which might have been discovered had the writer taken the trouble to refer for a few moments to Dr. McKerrow's edition of *The Works of Thomas Nashe*.—Yours, etc.

J. DOVER WILSON.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES & NEWS

Correspondence from readers on all subjects of bibliographical interest is invited. Our Correspondent will, to the best of his ability, answer all queries addressed to him.

GENERAL NOTES

ONE of the many things which were swept out of sight by the recent General Election was the bicentenary of the birth of Christopher Anstey, an author who not only himself wrote one of the most successful books of comic poetry ever published in England, but who also influenced to a remarkable degree the work of later comic poets. Anstey, who was born on October 31st, 1724, died in 1805, having produced in the interval *The New Bath Guide*, and a number of other, less successful, books and pamphlets in verse. Anstey has, for me, the special attraction that he was educated at my own college of King's, Cambridge, but he is, or should be, an attractive subject for any book-hunter to exercise his art upon. *The New Bath Guide*, which first appeared, in quarto, in 1766, was Anstey's first English publication (though he had previously collaborated in a Latin version of Gray's *Elegy*) and it made an instant success. This, indeed, was fully deserved, for much of the series of epistles between various members of the Blunderhead family, on a visit to Bath, is even to-day surprisingly fresh and amusing. When it appeared it must have seemed a marvel of wit, humour, and ingenuity, for Anstey had a remarkably nimble talent for burlesque and great metrical ability. What, perhaps, may especially recommend Anstey to our modern taste is that he was, in *The New Bath Guide*, the originator of so many of those tricks—those multiple rhymes, those skylarkings with comic names—with which “Ingoldsby” has since delighted us; and any properly educated person—any one, that is, who has imbibed *The Ingoldsby Legends* from nursery days onwards—must be grateful to Anstey. Here, for instance, are a few lines taken from Mr. Simkin Blunderhead's account of a great festivity given by “My Lord Ragamuffin” who

. . . to-day with extreme Complaisance and Respect ask'd
All the People at Bath to a general Breakfast,

on a day which unfortunately (since it was an out-door party) proved wet :—

How the Misses did huddle and scuddle, and run ;
One would think to be wet must be very good fun ;
For by wagging their Tails, they all seem'd to take Pains
To moisten their Pinions like Ducks when it rains ;
And 'twas pretty to see how, like Birds of a Feather,
The People of Quality flock'd all together ;
All pressing, addressing, caressing, and fond,
Just the same as those Animals are in a Pond :
You've read all their Names in the News, I suppose,
But, for fear you have not, take the List as it goes :—
There was Lady Greasewrister,
And Madam Van-Twister,
Her Ladyship's Sister.
Lord Cram, and Lord Vultur,
Sir Brandish o' Culter,
With Marshal Carouzer,
And old Lady Mowzer,

And the great Hanoverian Baron Pansmowzer,
 Besides many others ; who all in the Rain went,
 On purpose to honour this grand Entertainment.
 The Company made a most brilliant Appearance,
 And ate Bread and Butter with great Perseverance ;
 All the Chocolate, too, that my Lord set before 'em,
 The Ladies dispatched with the utmost Decorum.

Or consider this passage from the same hopeful young gentleman's account of a ball:—

But who is that Bombazine lady so gay,
 So profuse of her Beauties, in sable Array ?
 How she rests on her Heel, how she turns out her Toe,
 How she pulls down her Stays, with her head up to show
 Her Lily-white Bosom that rivals the Snow !
 'Tis the Widow Quicklackit, whose Husband, last Week,
 Poor Stephen, went suddenly forth in a Pique,
 And push'd off his Boat for the Stygian Creek :
 Poor Stephen ! he never return'd from the Bourn,
 But left the disconsolate Widow to mourn :
 Three times did she faint, when she heard of the News ;
 Six Days did she weep, and all Comfort refuse :
 But Stephen, no Sorrow, no Tears can recall !—
 So she hallows the Seventh, and comes to the Ball.

There is no space here for further examples of Anstey's muse, nor have I room to discuss, at present, his later productions, some of which contain good passages. I hope, however, that I have quoted enough to show, firstly, how amusing Anstey can be, and, secondly, that he was the spiritual father of much of Barham's verse. But as there are, I trust, still some collectors who are interested in Anstey's work, I hope to begin next month a series of collations (interspersed, perhaps, with a few comments) of the first editions of Christopher Anstey's various works.

ON September 28th there died Mr. Edward Gordon Duff, one of the most distinguished of bibliographers. While still an undergraduate at Wadham College, Oxford, he began to compile the catalogue of fifteenth-century books in the Bodleian—a catalogue which was completed by the late Robert Proctor. For the Bibliographical Society Mr. Duff wrote several books, including *A Century of the English Book Trade, 1457-1557*, a work which contains short notices of all English printers, stationers and book-binders of the period covered, and *Fifteenth Century English Books*, which was probably the first bibliographical work to receive a grant from the British Government. Mr. Duff was connected with the foundation of the Edinburgh Bibliographical Society, the Oxford Bibliographical Society and The Type Facsimile Society. He was Librarian of the John Rylands Library from 1893 to 1900, and he was three times appointed Sandars Reader in Bibliography at Cambridge.

IT is with great pleasure that I reproduce here two further lists of desiderata of the Bodleian Library, Oxford, taken from the current number of the *Bodleian Quarterly Record*.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

The Genius of the Thames, Palmyra, and other Poems. 1812 ; 2nd ed., 1817.

The Philosophy of Melancholy. 1812.

Sir Hornbook. 2nd ed., or any edition up to the 5th, 1818.

Headlong Hall. First ed., 1816 ; 3rd ed., 1822.

Melincourt. Philadelphia, 1817.

Rhododaphne. Philadelphia, 1818.

Nightmare Abbey. 1818 (also New York, 1819).

Paper Money Lyrics. 1837.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

(The numbers in brackets refer to Dr. G. L. Keynes's recent Bibliography).

Religio Medici. 1659 (8), 1669 (9), 1678 (11), 1682 (12), 1736, 12mo. (15), 1738 (16), 1754 (17).

Do., in Latin. Leyden, 1644 (59-61), Strasburg, 1677 (65), Frankfort, etc., 1692 (66).

Do., in French. 1668 (71).

Do., in German. 1746 (72).

Pseudodoxia Epidemica. 1658, folio (75), 1669 (78).

Do., in Dutch. 1688, in Dutch edition of the *Works*, Amsterdam, 1688 (85).

Do., in German. 1680 (86).

Do., in French. Paris, 1733 (87), Amsterdam, 1733 (88), 1738 (89), 1753 (90).

Do., in Italian. 1737 (91), 1743 (92).

Hydrotaphia. 1736 (99).

A Letter to a Friend. 1690 (135).

Posthumous Works. 1722 (157), 1723 (158).

Nature's Cabinet Unlock'd [Spurious]. 1657 (187).

Works in Dutch. 1688 (202).

Vox Norwici. 1646 (217).

A Catalogue of the Libraries of . . . Sir T. Browne, and Dr. Edward Brown, 1710-11 (386).

I hope these lists will fall under the eyes of those able and willing to help the Bodleian to fill some of these gaps. Any such person should communicate in writing with the Librarian.

A WORK which should be in the library of every student of English literature is the *Annual Bibliography of English Language and Literature*, published for the Modern Humanities Research Association by Messrs. Bowes and Bowes, of Cambridge. The fourth volume of this, dealing with the year 1923, has just reached me. The editor is Miss A. C. Paues, of Newnham College, and the price is six shillings. The general plan of this work (which aims at recording all important books and articles, published in the year 1923 and dealing with the English Language and English Literature) remains, I think, unaltered. But its thoroughness and accuracy have been wonderfully improved, and Miss Paues is to be congratulated on having worked up her *Annual Bibliography* into a thoroughly reliable tool for students. It is a credit to English scholarship that a work of this sort, entailing an enormous amount of work (there are over three thousand entries this year) should be produced, and I hope, most earnestly, that it will meet with very great success.

FROM the Centaur Book Shop, 1224 Chancellor Street, Philadelphia, U.S.A., I have another volume in its series of Bibliographies of Modern American Authors. This is *A Bibliography of the Writings of H. L. Mencken*, compiled by Mr. Carroll Frey, and having a foreword by Mr. Mencken himself. Three hundred copies of this well produced little book have been published. Mr. Frey's descriptions are admirable in method, and, also, I have no doubt, in execution. I must confess, however, that as I do not possess even one of Mr. Mencken's first editions, I have not been able to check this bibliography in any way. Mr. Mencken has written, unaided, thirteen

books (beginning, in 1903, with *Ventures into Verse*, said to be "the rarest of Modern American first editions"), and collaborated in five others. Besides this, he has contributed to twenty-two books, edited ten, and written a fair sprinkling of pamphlets. All these Mr. Frey duly records, and he also gives a list of appreciations and criticisms of Mr. Mencken's work.

IT is some little time, I fancy, since I acknowledged the receipt of a copy of the *Bulletin of the New York Public Library*. The last one to reach me is the September number, which contains, among other things, a note on two prints of New York as it was about the year 1650. Both prints are strikingly alike in many points, and the writer of the note comes to the conclusion that they were both engraved after the same original drawing. Another feature of this number is the conclusion of Mr. W. B. Gamble's "list of references" to Colour (I refuse to write "Color") Photography.

PARENTS, not only in Coventry, but elsewhere, may be interested in a book just issued by the Coventry Public Libraries at the price of a shilling. This volume is *Some Modern Books for the Teacher and Parent: A Classified and Annotated Catalogue*, and it runs to some one hundred and thirty octavo pages, pretty closely printed. The title is perhaps not quite comprehensive, for books suitable for reading by children (and not only by Parents and Teachers) are included. A mere announcement of this publication is probably all that is needed here, for it hardly falls under the heading of Bibliography as understood by the book-collector.

AN interesting letter has reached me from Mr. R. B. McKerrow, in which he deals with my note, printed in these pages last month, upon the first edition of Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*. But this topic I must reluctantly hold over until next month.

ITEMS FROM THE BOOKSHOPS AND CATALOGUES

CATALOGUE Number 464 of Mr. Francis Edwards, of 83, High Street, Marylebone, W.1, contains some attractive autograph letters. In particular there is some of Charles Dickens's correspondence, and I like especially a letter from Dickens to Lord John Russell, asking if a pension could not be granted to John Poole (1786?-1872), dramatist, the author of *'Twas the Cup and the Lip*, *Paul Pry*, and many other plays. The passage quoted from this letter in Mr. Edwards' list runs thus:—

"... For some few years he has been living on a fifth storey in a house in the Rue Neuve, Luxembourg, and such is the nervous affection of his hands particularly that, when I have seen him there, trembling and staggering over a small fire, it has been a marvel to me, knowing him to live quite alone, how he ever got into, or out of his clothes. . . . In the sunny time of the day, he puts a melancholy little hat on one side of his head, and, with a little stick under his arm, goes hitching himself about the Boulevards. For three years, I have been in the constant expectation of receiving a letter from the Porteress of the house, to say that his ashes, and those of his wood fire—both of a very shrunken description—had been found lying together on the hearth," &c.

This letter is priced £14. It is pleasant to know that Dickens's appeal was successful and that Poole was granted a pension of £100 per annum.

MESSRS. ELLIS, of 29, New Bond Street, W.1, include some uncommon books in their latest list (Number 224) of English literature. There is, for example, a copy (priced nine guineas) of Thomas Heyrick's *Miscellany Poems*, quarto, 1691, a rare volume which contains a curious poem called *The Submarine Voyage*. There is also, for £35, William Cowper's copy of the 1775 edition of Gray's *Poems*, with some annotations by Cowper. This book bears several signatures and book plates of interest, including those of Cowper and of Lady Hesketh. Messrs. Ellis ask £70 for a copy of Henry Vaughan's *Olor Iscanus*, octavo, 1651.

MR. FRANK HOLLINGS, of 7, Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.2, has issued his catalogue number 134. There are some important books in this list, notably a copy, measuring $10\frac{3}{4}$ by $7\frac{3}{4}$ inches, of the first edition of Gray's *Elegy*, quarto, 1751. This very rare book is priced £1,000 by Mr. Hollings. Some attractive Tennyson items also catch my eye, including *Poems by Two Brothers*, 8vo., large paper, 1827 (£45), and *Helen's Tower*, quarto, privately printed in 1861, a copy in the original wrappers (£30). There is also a complete set, priced £650, of the publications of the Kelmscott Press, sixty-six volumes in all. It should be added that this Catalogue is extremely well printed.

THOSE who feel that they cannot comfortably afford to buy a copy of the first edition of Gray's *Elegy* may profitably look at Messrs. Dobell Brothers' thirty-ninth list (published from 8, Bruton Street, W.1). There the reader will find described a copy of the second edition of the *Elegy*, also printed in 1751 in quarto, which is offered for £25. Messrs. Dobell's catalogue, in addition, contains their usual attractive medley of the greater and lesser books of English literature, especially of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. There is, *inter alia*, a list of more than a hundred anonymous poetical tracts of the eighteenth century, which is well worth the perusal of collectors whose interest lies in that period.

MESSRS. DULAU & COMPANY, of 34, 35 and 36, Margaret Street, Oxford Circus, W.1, have sent me their one hundred and twenty-first catalogue, which contains miscellaneous books from two recently purchased libraries—one in Sussex and one in Oxford. Naturalists will be attracted in this list by a complete set of *The Ibis: A Magazine of General Ornithology*, from 1859 to 1923, for which £100 is asked. There are also many poetical and dramatic works of the seventeenth century.

EXHIBITIONS of rare books are not so common as they should be. I am glad, therefore, to notice that the well-known Newcastle-on-Tyne bookseller, Mr. W. H. Robinson, of 4-6, Nelson Street, in that city, has been holding an exhibition of manuscripts and incunables in the Art Gallery of Armstrong College. The earliest of the incunables shown was the folio edition of Lactantius's works printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz in 1468, the second book to be printed in Rome. All the items in this little exhibition were from Mr. Robinson's stock.

THE fourth catalogue to be issued by Messrs. E. P. Goldschmidt & Co., Ltd., of 45, Old Bond Street, W.1, is devoted to manuscripts and books printed before 1600. It contains a good many illustrations, among them photographs of several fine fifteenth-century bindings.

I. A. WILLIAMS

BOOK-PRODUCTION NOTES

THE FLEURON. A Journal of Typography. No. 3. One guinea and three guineas. 101, Great Russell Street, W.C.

ADRIAN FORTESCUE. A Memoir. By J. G. VANCE and the HON. JOHN FORTESCUE. Burns, Oates and Washbourne. 10s. 6d.

THE STORY OF CUPID AND PSYCHES. Done out of the Latin of Lucius Apuleius by WILLIAM ADLINGTON. Anno 1566. New York: The Laurel Press. \$20.

THE HASLEWOOD REPRINTS. (1) A Letter to a Friend. By SIR THOMAS BROWNE, 1690. (2) Hero and Leander. Begun by CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE and finished by GEORGE CHAPMAN, 1598. F. Etchells and H. Macdonald. 6s. and 15s. respectively.

ARTWORK. An Illustrated Quarterly of Arts and Crafts edited by HERBERT WAUTHIER. "Number One" and "Number Two." 3s. 6d. each.

ALMANACK FOR 1925. By KATE GREENAWAY. F. Warne. 1s.

THE FLEURON No. 3

THE appearance (I use the word in a double sense) of this third number of *The Fleuron* affords pleasant evidence that the zeal for good printing which gave birth to the venture has been rewarded with some part at least of the recognition which it deserves. *The Fleuron* stands for whatever is good in the book-making of any country or of any age, and is itself a fine example of modern work. This third number is printed in the Monotype version of Caslon's Old Face of 12-point on pica size, and it is leaded. The Caslon character in so small a size is rather trying to the eye in these long open-spaced and thick-leaded lines. I at least much prefer the fuller-blooded pages of the first and second numbers, which were printed in 14-point Garamond, set solid. The facsimiles illustrating Mr. Johnson's and Mr. Morison's joint-article on *The Chancery Types in Italy and France* make the small thin Caslon look even more anæmic by contrast; and the delicate and slender headlines, set in small capitals "of its own" letter-spaced, hardly have weight enough to serve as coping for such big pages.

If the pages are weak in their setting, the volume is strong in the interest and variety of its articles and illustrations. Mr. W. A. Dwiggins gives a capital account of Mr. Updike's Merrymount Press at Boston, very fully illustrated by examples of Mr. Updike's work, ranging from title-pages and text-pages down to labels and tickets, the size being shown by tinted groundwork. Mr. Randolph Schwabe writes of Albert Rutherston, whose work he praises as a successful solution of "the problem of adapting illustration, by a frank acceptance of the process block, to the needs of carefully considered book-production." Mr. Harold Child writes as an "amateur" with a pleasantly assumed ingenuousness about such things as leading and spacing, type-faces, margins, illustrations, "period"-printing, ornament, and title-page. His pages of good sense are followed in the next article by ten pages of sophistry on

1. The psychological character of the book in general.
2. The evolution of the conception of the book in accordance with the philosophy of peoples.
3. The book of to-day.
4. The book of the future.

That analysis is the author's own. A page printed in colours illustrates the "book of the future." It presents a number of cones and other geometrical forms in black

or white or colour embodying what is, I suppose, a futurist initial letter V—for *Verbe, Logos*. The writer of the article, M. Angoulvent, thus expounds it :

The coloured illustration . . . is one which sings the enthusiasm of the believer in the Word. The supreme importance of the antique *Logos*, does it not appeal to the mind more strongly when suggested by such a letter . . . ?

It would have made Adrian Fortescue "vomit." That keen bookman but ruthless critic of "folly doctor-like" would, however, have delighted in the other contents of *The Fleuron*, notably in the appreciative notice of his friend, Stanley Morison, the first in a series of articles on "Contemporary Printers."

ARTWORK NUMBERS "ONE" AND "TWO"

ARTWORK, the new "Quarterly of Arts and Crafts," is excellently produced in a medium quarto at the Baynard Press. Especially commendable is the evenness and brilliant blackness of the printing. The pages are mostly set in 12-point Garamond in double columns. The reviews, however, are set in 8-point only, which is much too small to be pleasant, especially when the eye has become attuned to the larger type of the text. There are articles on printing and lettering by James Guthrie, Frederick Etchells and Graily Hewitt. Mr. Guthrie and Mr. Hewitt moan and groan at a sad bad world that prints books by machinery. Mr. Guthrie would have them hand-printed, Mr. Hewitt hand-written. Mr. Eric Gill gives theological reasons, based on his readings in St. Thomas Aquinas, for the wrongness of modern ways of doing things. I feel sure that St. Thomas, the author of *Secunda Secundae*, would condemn the use of "ONE" and "TWO" as ordinals on the cover of *Artwork*.

SOME PLEASANT REPRINTS

SIR THOMAS BROWN'S *Letter to a Friend* is the first, and Marlow and Chapman's *Hero and Leander* is the second, of "The Haslewood Reprints," published by Messrs. Frederick Etchells and Hugh Macdonald at Kensington Place, W.8. The *Letter* was originally printed as a folio pamphlet in 1690, and the first edition is here reprinted. As a line-for-line reprint the printing of this new edition was, of course, conditioned by the original. Nowadays, we should not print so short a letter as a pamphlet of twelve folio pages. The type-facsimile, however, finds favour with scholars and serious readers because of the guarantee it affords that the text is as nearly as possible that of the original copy, without the tinkering of officious editors. Shakespeare has been served worse than any other writer because of the greater number of editors who have dug their scalpels into his text. The type-facsimile, besides giving a sense of greater security, is also convenient to scholars because it makes reference easy to the page and line of the original edition.

The *Letter to a Friend* and *Hero and Leander* are both printed in the revived "Garamond" type. *Hero and Leander*, especially, shows how pleasantly a book may be printed notwithstanding the limitations which a page-for-page and line-for-line reprint impose upon the printer.

The first issue of the Laurel Press, founded in 1923 "for the purpose of printing some of the great literary achievements of man's constructive and creative genius," is a beautifully produced edition of Adlington's translation of *The Story of Cupid and Psyche*. It is printed on Batchelor paper in 18-point Garamond type, with a thin lead between the lines. The size of the page and the measure of the lines (27 picas) are much less than those of the new *Fleurion*, and if the type of that volume is too small, that of *Cupid and Psyche* is rather too big, for its large size in so short a line makes the spacing too open and uneven. The edition is limited to 225 copies, published at twenty dollars each.

B. H. NEWDIGATE

A LETTER FROM ITALY

FLORENCE, *September*, 1924.

ADOLFO DE BOSIS died at Ancona on August 28th. I hardly need to recapitulate for English readers his achievements as a poet, as a translator, as an æsthete who exerted a wide influence upon Italian literary life towards the end of last century. His name is dear to every worshipper of Shelley, and, if such an hypothesis may be granted, one would fancy Shelley himself enjoying his *Ode to the West Wind*, *The Cenci*, *Prometheus Unbound* done into now strong, now exquisite Italian verse by de Bosis' imitative genius. Shelley's poetry was the lifelong companion of the Italian writer who in the British author found a better self: he was born to be one poet's translator. A few days before his death, he wrote to a friend: "I recommend myself and I wish to recommend my verses, chiefly my translation of *Prometheus*, to your affectionate memory." From Shelley's influence de Bosis' original verse could never get thoroughly free; but in spite of its being reminiscent of others' more powerful lyres (d'Annunzio and Pascoli are also to be taken into account), de Bosis' verse strikes a personal note of delicate sensibility, nowhere perhaps to be better appreciated than in his lyric *Ai Convalescenti*. Undoubtedly the figure of the man is greater than his work. Round him gathered some thirty years ago a whole generation of rising celebrities, with d'Annunzio and Pascoli in the first rank. A few rooms in the Palazzo Borghese in Rome, exquisitely decorated though too suggestive of Pre-Raphaelite propensities, were the princely meeting-place of the *cénacle* of the *Convito*, the literary review edited by de Bosis with an expensive and flowery magnificence which to us, grown up in a sterner age, looks rather superannuated. *Il Convito* went through only a dozen numbers, issued at longer and longer intervals, so that the last appeared only at a twelve years' distance from the first. Considered from a European point of view, the manifesto of the *Convito* (published in the first issue of the review, January, 1895) has few claims to originality: Ruskin's doctrines of Beauty and French Theories of *Renaissance latine* can easily be traced in the sonorous and slightly redundant eloquence of that proclamation:

Is there anyone who amidst so much misery, so much abjection keeps faith in the hidden virtue of the race, in the rising strength of the ideals handed on to us by our forefathers, in the indestructible power of Beauty? . . . We do hope that our *Convito* may be able to collect a live body of such combative energies, as to save some beautiful and ideal thing from the muddy wave of vulgarity which already covers the whole blessed land where Leonardo created his imperious women and Michael Angelo his undaunted heroes . . . Intellectual folk, gathering all their strength, must give a warlike support to the cause of Intelligence against Barbarians.

Possibly our children will discover a link between this æsthetico-nationalist movement and the currents represented, in the successive years, by the Nationalists of *La Voce*, the Futurists of *Lacerba*, and lately by the Fascisti, the least æsthetical and most practical of all. Anyhow, none of the guests of the *Convito* was called for the moment to fight energetically for such hazy ideals as those proclaimed in the manifesto. They kept quiet among downy divans and embroidered piles of pillows, breathing the delicate scent of the long-stemmed flowers which beautified the fine set of rooms at the Palazzo Borghese. Only one of them was predestined to be not the mere "deputato

della Bellezza," as his friends used to call him then, but actually a warrior and a despot: Gabriele d'Annunzio. He is now the only survivor of the triad composed by himself, Pascoli and de Bosis.

Is he a live survivor, or is his destiny like Swinburne's, whose later books followed one another with no more noise than autumnal leaves on leaves? *Notturmo*, published in 1921, stirred up the general curiosity, but what about the cold reception of the tiresome perfect political speeches collected in the volume *Per l'Italia degli Italiani* (1923), what about the lukewarm welcome of the lately issued *Faville del maglio*? Although the poet declares his will to forsake politics for ever, the literary miscellanies he is now disclosing to the public are hardly better than perfectly gilded mummies, devoid of life and fire. The stylist's skill is perhaps greater than ever, but, as he says somewhere in the first book of *Le Faville del maglio* (*Il Venturiero senza Ventura e altri studii del vivere inimitabile*): "What a wonderful instrument am I become!", he is now no more than a tool, such is the quality of mechanical exactness he achieves in his flawless verbal exertions. What else did Swinburne produce in the latter part of his life? The chief note the new book emphasises is one of relentless self-sufficiency which results in a continuous self-quoting and self-praising, above everything, even, one is left to understand, above Dante: all this with a candour and a lack of humour which may look either heroic or ridiculous. Although the whole book is intended by the author to be a *Laus Mei*, although he praises his own powers of unrivalled sculptor of souls, one is staggered by his almost absolute lack of penetration whenever he is speaking of men, chiefly of himself. The most conspicuous of all writings contained in the *Venturiero* is a long description of the author's schooldays, and d'Annunzio thinks it very audacious of himself to reveal so many leaves out of his secret book of memory. The reader's disappointment could hardly be surpassed: instead of a live youth, a repulsive Della Cruscan puppet is exhibited through pages and pages of sham-academical harangues, meant to be humorous, while at their best they sound like weak imitations of the unreadable jargon of *Hypnerotomachia*. No contrast could be more amazing than Lamb's *Christ's Hospital* with d'Annunzio's *Il secondo amante di Lucrezia Buti*, such being the title of the Italian's school-reminiscences. One almost wonders whether such two different characters can actually live on the same planet.

However, d'Annunzio's soul is almost as equally remote from Italian feeling of to-day, as it certainly is from English feeling. Charles Lamb is nearer to us than d'Annunzio: as a matter of fact our modern essayists consider him as a master, while I am afraid no disciple of d'Annunzio's autobiographical style will ever be found. Whoever reads essays by Emilio Cecchi and Antonio Baldini is struck every now and then by echoes of the *Essays of Elia*, enhanced with a new flavour supplied by the distance and the difference of medium. What reader acquainted with Lamb, for instance, will not perceive that Cecchi's *Il giuoco di carte* (in *La giornata delle belle donne*, Rome, 1924), could have been written only after Mrs. Battle's *Opinions on Whist*, or will read Baldini's essay *Le note in margine* (in the review *I libri del giorno* for June, 1924) without recollecting at once passages from *The Two Races of Men* and *Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading*? The relation of such writers to Lamb is of course no more close than, say, Max Beerbohm's can be to the same author. Both Cecchi and Baldini have plenty of original things to tell us, and Lamb could hardly ever have written such a delightful piece of southern humour as Baldini's *Michelaccio* (Rome, 1924), or such a charming reverie as Cecchi's essay which gives the title to his new book, *La Giornata delle belle donne*. Out of the rather dim character of *Michelaccio* (known through an Italian saying equivalent to *dolce far niente*) Baldini makes a figure

no less lively than, say, Harlequin or Punch : such as the protagonist of Mr. Percy Lubbock's *Roman Pictures* would have recognized at once for the very embodiment of Roman spirit, if he only chanced to come across him in one of his wanderings. Cecchi's humour is of a more secret and mixed sort than Baldini's : with him the smile is no sooner hinted at than blended into something deeper. For him as for Lamb, Sprightliness goes hand in hand with Melancholy. Cecchi's style may be thought somehow an antithesis of d'Annunzio's : it is ruled as much by a spiritual kind of harmony as the greater man's by a sensuous one. Cecchi's sentences lift us veil after veil of long-forgotten memories, hidden in the innermost part of our soul, half-known, faintly vibrating ; the richness of d'Annunzio's sentences is all external : they declare at once what they are worth and what is their purpose ; they look more solid, while Cecchi's are shaded into a halo of possibilities. To use the current description, the one's is a classic, the other's a romantic style.

The literary history of Italy can boast of few essayists, although in some instances it is only a matter of words, and letters and *cicalate* and memories of past centuries might as justly be termed essays as the most typical ones of France and England. It has been the pleasant task of a young writer of promise, Lorenzo Montano, to introduce of late to the Italian public the great essayist who was hidden in the volumes of letters and miscellanies of Lorenzo Magalotti, a Florentine courtier, traveller and scientist (1639-1712)*, whose "essays" on perfumes and odoriferous clay can challenge comparison for exquisite refinement with those of any French or English decadent writer on similar subjects. A no less agreeable surprise for our lovers of essays has been the selection of *Toscani dell'Ottocento* edited by Pietro Pancrazi, where a score of Tuscan writers of the eighteenth century are represented at their best with short contributions and passages chosen from forgotten volumes. Such books as Montano's and Pancrazi's can be termed successful attempts of modern essayists to find ancestors at home : it is a rising *élite* which tries to trace its own pedigree.

Our contemporary essayists worth reading also abroad are many, but few could prove more interesting for foreigners than Ugo Ojetti, who in *Cose viste* (Milan, 1924) collecting his reminiscences of meetings and conversations with famous personalities of to-day—Italian as well as foreign—and recalling from the past great events and thrilling circumstances at which his quality of journalist has enabled him to be present, draws one of the most striking series of sketches of contemporary European life. Ojetti is a journalist in the way the great English essayists of the eighteenth century were journalists : he reminds us of times when journalism was the art of transubstantiating everyday life into beauty and eternity.

MARIO PRAZ

* *Le più belle pagine di Lorenzo Magalotti*. Milan, Treves, 1924.

CHRONICLES

DRAMA

GUILTY SOULS. By ROBERT NICHOLS. The Three Hundred Club. A. D. A. Theatre.

THIS was the third production of the Three Hundred Club, which exists in order to introduce to the public and to the managers the work of young dramatists and to give these the valuable experience of having their writing brought to the test of the theatre. The first show was something of a mistake, something perhaps of an accident: an adaptation by Mr. Aldous Huxley of a play by Sheridan's mother. It is doubtful whether a rechauffé of an eighteenth century comedy could be deemed to come properly within the scope of the Club: the living drama cannot be encouraged by things of that sort. The audience, however, probably would not have minded had the play really been amusing. It was, unfortunately, a third-rate play in itself and the additions made by Mr. Huxley were out of tone with the rest and made bad worse. The second production, Mr. Richard Hughes' *A Comedy of Good and Evil* would have been in itself a sufficient justification for the Club's existence had it been the only interesting thing staged during the year. It had its flaws. But it showed a mind and an imagination working originally, a natural talent for situation and dialogue, and a firm grasp of character. Its chances of a long run would be very slender, but it ought to go into the repertory of the numerous little theatres that now busy themselves with the works of Messrs. Shaw, Galsworthy, Synge, Yeats and St. John Hankin; and it left as deep an impression on me as any new play I have seen for a considerable time. The third and last play given this season was Mr. Robert Nichols's *Guilty Souls*. This play was published last year with rather an odd preface, attractive if amusing in its vague insistence upon the importance of religion, slightly absurd in its diatribes on behalf of the young against what Mr. Nichols, fresh from his contract with Tokio, described as the Genro, or Elder Statesmen. It was a play written for the stage; free from the poetical descriptiveness that often helps a poet's play to be read but is such an impediment in the theatre. One wondered how it would act. It acts, on the whole, very well. Here again—as I am glad to see the critics of the *Times* and other papers united in recognising—was a dramatist worth encouraging and just the sort of play that these producing societies ought to put on.

The play opens with a rather Galsworthian scene in a very Galsworthian setting. A strong silent solicitor, with a weak æsthetic partner, borrows a client's money to speculate with and is found out. He successfully throws the whole blame of their joint crime on the partner who is caught like a rat in a trap and goes to prison for seven years. The seven years pass; there is a report that the ex-convict has been drowned on his way to South America. John Bentley's struggle with his conscience is the subject of the rest of the play. Ought he not, to put himself right in God's eyes, expiate his crime, and relieve himself from perpetual torture, to make public admission of what he has done? It is difficult for many reasons. The past cannot be changed. Open confession may be known to be good for the soul, but all the certainty in the world about it will not make it any easier to achieve. And, finally, he cannot purge

himself without ruining the lives of others. There is the adopted niece Lois ; there is the new young partner who is engaged to Lois, whose father was the robbed man, and who will no doubt break off his engagement when the truth comes out. And there is Mrs. Bentley. John gets more and more wrought up and the last torture begins when the new butler reveals himself as the convict, not drowned, and deliberately sets about his work of revenge, posing as the voice of Conscience and the messenger of God. At long last the decision is taken ; the blow falls on the family ; the Judas of a butler shoots himself, and Bentley goes off in custody.

The summary of the plot may or may not be impressive. What matters in this play is the portrayal of a moral struggle in a sufficiently dramatic way to hold, interest, and move an audience through a very long evening. There were certainly conspicuous faults in the play. Some of the dialogue—particularly Bentley's speech about having been a pillar of the Church and so on—was slightly, and surprisingly, stilted and conventional. Some of the action could not be swallowed even when one was living on the symbolic plane of this work : Lois's unquestioning acceptance, for example, of John's announcement that, for reasons presently to be disclosed, she must dismiss her fiancé—who might, after all, not have let her down, and who certainly would not have been sent away without some desire for an explanation on the part of Lois, who was extremely intelligent and independent except in the scene where she dumbly and stupidly accepted this sentence. And in places the genuine religious ardour of the play was obscured by the rhetoric of stage spirituality. A justifiable shiver went down one's back when Lois, after her sacrifice, appeared in the doorway at the back with her arms extended and muttering " It is finished "—which was like a piece from the worst and falsest kind of " religious drama." Some of the play with the crucifix, too, was neither decent nor effective.

Yet the power was there, a searching power, a fervour of imagination and intellect which was conveyed ; a struggle in which one shared ; the most important issues in life presented forcibly in dramatic terms ; an agony communicated and a problem stated. A problem, as represented here, perhaps insoluble. Some things cannot be amended but merely repented. And the way out must be conjectured for one who cannot undo the consequences of his crime and whose confession must ruin three innocent lives. A dreadful dilemma ; for at this point Bentley's self-purgation in confession becomes almost a selfish indulgence for the sake of relief.

The acting was extraordinarily good : prodigiously so for a Sunday society. Mr. Claude Ranis, as Bentley, could not have been better : he never once let the part down though it was in places very difficult to sustain : he made Bentley's life of perpetual torture and inner struggle a real thing. Mr. Ernest Milton as the æsthetic junior and the ex-convict Butler was equally admirable at the beginning and the end : at the beginning the genuine semi-æsthete and poseur, at the end really sinister. Miss Muriel Pratt as Bentley's wife had a very exacting task through her long period of stress and performed it beautifully. Miss D. Holmes-Gore's Lois was good, and so were the minor parts. Finally the production was excellent.

Next year the Club is to do plays by Constance Huntingdon, W. J. Turner and J. R. Ackerley.

The Phoenix production of *Epicene* was the same evening. I was sorry to miss it but I must confess, having several times read the play, that I should most certainly have derived no enjoyment from it except the enjoyment of seeing on the stage an old play that I had not seen acted before.

As a matter of fact, with the exception of *The Alchemist* and perhaps *Volpone*, Ben Jonson, for all his greatness, is not really good for the modern theatre. He

was a curious mixture : all for classical pedantry, all against the unlearned author, yet prone to pad his plays with masses of laboured topicality in order to tickle his contemporary audience. Both the pedantry and the topicality are burdens to him now ; unlike Shakespeare he seldom naturally expressed himself in the plays ; the Jonson of the dramas is another man than the Jonson of the lyrics and the *Conversations*. *Bartholomew Fair* was, except in spots, dismal. Still the Phoenix should produce a few more, and (what is more important) a few more of Beaumont and Fletcher as well.

J. C. SQUIRE

THE FINE ARTS

THE MAGNASCO SOCIETY. Agnew's

THE MOND BEQUEST. The National Gallery

PAINTINGS BY ERIC KENNINGTON. The Leicester Galleries

WATERCOLOURS BY FRANK DOBSON. The Independent Gallery

THE LONDON GROUP. Mansard Gallery

THE GOUPIL SALON. Goupil Gallery

THE Magnasco Society has been founded for the purpose of furthering the study and appreciation of the painting, generically termed "baroque," of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which for many years has been very definitely out of favour. At the beginning of the nineteenth century it was exceedingly popular in England, and Shelley, of all people, went into ecstasies over Guido Reni. Superficial critics will immediately write the present revival down as merely another rebound of the pendulum : yet it is not necessary to revive the particular kind of appreciation formerly in vogue. If Guido Reni regains a little of his reputation, it may not be for qualities formerly admired, but for qualities which have hitherto been overlooked, both by his admirers and detractors. Reni's maudlin Madonnas can scarcely win applause ever again, but it may be that genuine values will be discovered in paintings such as his *Atalanta and Ippomene*. Guido Reni is only one of many cases, some of whom are much more meritorious. Guardi, of course, that delightful Venetian impressionist, belongs to this period : but he is one of the few who have not merely survived, but have steadily gained ground. Tiepolo has been less respected. Yet he is a considerable artist, who was a master, alike in etching and in painting, both of decorative movement and of bizarre character description. Pietro Longhi, too, can describe contemporary gay life with great verve and picturesqueness. Magnasco, whose name has been given to the society, is inclined to be mannered and over-emphatic in his compositions. In *The Maundy Sermon*, for instance, he plays very artificially with the high lights and exaggerates the gauntness of the people. Nevertheless the two landscapes by him in the exhibition are by no means negligible. Other painters belonging to the period are Guercino, the Caracci, Caravaggio, Salvator Rosa, Carlo Dolci, and there is no doubt that the Magnasco Society can perform a useful service by drawing attention to hitherto unsuspected virtues in the pictorial art of the period. It is stated that England is particularly rich in examples. If that is so, it might be better to arrange a single large exhibition of the same kind as the famous Florence Exhibition in 1922—although, of course, it could scarcely be so comprehensive—than to have a series of small shows scattered over long intervals.

The Mond bequest to the National Gallery seems to be mainly a collection of oddments which may serve to fill up small gaps. It includes, of course, a big Crucifixion by Raphael : but this is, in my opinion, an inferior work. The space and depth of the landscape and the blue distance are admirable. So too are the floating angels with their scrolls of ribbons. But the rest of the composition neither escapes from the

subject, as these do, nor expresses it. Botticelli's two small rectangular paintings depicting the Miracles of St. Zenobius are more attractive with their bitingly pure colour and swirl of movement. A fascinating Cranach, a portrait head by Boltraffio, a tightly painted Madonna Enthroned by Gentile Bellini, and a Fra Bartolommeo practically exhaust the other paintings of any interest. It is fortunate that the National Gallery has not been wholly provided for by the sort of frizzled expert who advised the late Dr. Ludvig Mond.

It was not easy to discover in that charming painting of a flower girl by Mr. Eric Kennington which was exhibited at Chenil's some years ago any connection with the war pictures which gained for the artist his reputation, or with the eastern portraits executed by him after the war. It is equally difficult to see the link between the miscellaneous works in sculpture, drawing and oil painting which have recently been shown at the Leicester Galleries. The humorous sculpture seems to be a take-off of some rather poor sculpture by Dobson: the imaginative illustrations are variations on some pseudo-baroque style, the drawings of heads are exaggerations of a Renaissance influence, and the studies of plants and landscapes, which are far the most convincing, contain a mixture of Japanese, Vorticist and Persian art. It seems that Mr. Kennington's versatility in derivative experiment rather outruns his real problems. In the landscapes the emphasis of roundness or of the third dimension, which in the drawings of the heads is loud without any apparent reason, does seem to be more vital to the expression, and the curious translucent, oleographic or church window colour scheme of that striking landscape *Posillippo* serves to heighten the statuesque effect of the composition. Mr. Kennington should continue his landscape work and possibly take it more seriously than his sculpture: at the same time he should beware of falling a prey to the facile method of Mr. Roberts and Mr. Wadsworth with whom he has obvious affinities.

Mr. Frank Dobson's watercolours, done probably as an experiment during a holiday in Italy, show that he has the sensibility of a painter as well as of a sculptor, and indeed there is more spontaneity in these watercolours than in many of his sculptures. Nor does he carry into his painting the methods of the sculptor: for the mere fact that here and there he emphasises a happy plastic outline does not necessarily imply thinking in terms of another medium. Mr. Dobson records slight but very charming impressions received under the influence of Matisse and of other French concocters of exquisite trivialities. Although his line and colour are often separated, the expression is got as much through the fresh tones of colour as through the line.

The autumn exhibition of the London Group was considerably brighter than usual: this was largely because of the presence of several pictures by its two most important members, Mr. Duncan Grant and Mr. Mark Gertler. Mr. Grant's wind-blown landscape, *The Pool*, was the finest picture in the exhibition. He also showed two beautiful flower pieces and a still life. One rather wishes that Mr. Grant would leave his still life exercises—for that is what they are becoming—and develop and broaden his landscapes and the motive of figure compositions such as the water-carriers in the Tate Gallery. By dint of considerable perseverance Mr. Porter is beginning to realise a beauty of his own in landscapes, although he still leans very heavily on other painters, notably de Segonzac. Mr. Matthew Smith continues his series of rubicund nudes, which seem to me to be the outcome of an unbalanced scientific æstheticism.

Mr. Gertler exhibits both at the London Group and the Goupil Salon. Nearly all his work has a distinctive quality, the stamp of an original artist who is more than

a technician : but he is at the moment marking time and, as usually happens in such cases, there is too much concentration on the way the thing is said. Mr. Gertler has real poetry in him, but it needs to be continually vitalised by fresh experience and, of course, all the modern æsthetic doctrines stand in the way. The Goupil Salon is well worth a visit. It rides above the warring cliques and gives an impartial and judicious selection and, interspersed with the English paintings, are French paintings old and new, including three forcible, but I imagine early, works by Cézanne.

PUBLICATION

ENGLISH PORTRAITURE IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

By ANTHONY BERTRAM. The Bodley Head. 5s.

THE National Portrait Gallery is a mixed institution, fulfilling two purposes which do not always coincide. Its chief purpose is to collect portraits of all eminent British men and women. Its second and subsidiary purpose is to collect good portraits : where, however, these are not available, it takes what it can get. Consequently the collection is, artistically, very miscellaneous, and in fact the majority of its portraits are rather poor stuff and had better be substituted by photographs which take up less space. And this is unfortunate also from the historical point of view : for it is a fact of enormous significance that the portrait which artistically is the best is also historically the richest and the most informative.

Mr. Bertram concentrates in his volume on the artistically good portraits in the National Gallery, but he recognises that the great painters such as Holbein were precisely those who saw deepest into character, and it is the realisation of this truth which has enabled him to advance some very sound and intelligent criticisms. One may disagree, of course, with his views about Van Dyck, whom he disparages too much and a trifle vulgarly, and with his obvious bias in favour of French artists—Largillière's silly picture of Mrs. Middleton and her lamb is praised—and his curt dismissal of men like Lawrence and Opie, and even with his unqualified worship of Gainsborough's portraits and landscapes : but in contrast with this too hasty or too modish handling he gives a very honest appreciation of the lesser English painters such as Riley, Dobson, Ramsay, and of single portraits by obscure artists like Thomas Sadler, the painter of Bunyan, and displays a balanced and mature understanding of Lely and Kneller. The book would have gained in variety and coherence had Mr. Bertram been more ambitious and written a brief history of English portraiture with special reference to the portraits in the National Portrait Gallery. As it is, after the first two chapters, which are general in character, he takes the gallery portraits in sequence, and furnishes a running commentary. This is as unsatisfactory with individual artists as with the various periods as a whole. The book, however, will be both useful and stimulating to visitors to the Gallery, and may even persuade some, who have hitherto never been able to get beyond those terrible lower rooms, to penetrate to the top floor where, stupidly enough, the best portraits are hung.

HOWARD HANNAY

ARCHITECTURE

ADVICE TO THOSE WHO ARE GOING TO BUILD A NEW HOUSE

THE following article is designed to indicate the general principles which should be in mind when a new building is being considered. There are many books about new houses and much has recently been written about the modern devices which are designed to save labour, but about the procedure to be adopted to secure what is desired little has been published.

The first thing to be done, even before choosing a site, is to decide on an architect. There are four reasons which generally influence this decision. An architect is often appointed because he is a kinsman or a friend. This is no bad reason. It has been observed that public appointments gained through family influence are as well filled as those gained in any other way ; and I see no reason why the same should not be the case in a private matter. It is an act of kindness to help one's friends, especially when they are at the beginning of a career ; in fact this is a reasonable and right way of making the choice. Should there be any doubt, however, about the ability of the friend or kinsman, he may be asked to submit his proposals to some architect of established reputation chosen by himself as a consultant.

A second reason for choosing an architect is that he has an established reputation and is well known. Such architects at least have experience. They could hardly have reached a high place in their profession without a sound knowledge of the business of building. In their hands it is unlikely that there will be any money difficulties with the contractor. They have experience as regards the cost of building. The execution of the work is usually to be relied on under the supervision of men who have made for themselves a large practice. Personal attention by the principals of such firms, however, cannot be so close as that of the less busy architects.

A third reason indicating the selection of an architect is that he lives near the site. An architect so situated can supervise the work without loss of time in going to and fro—a matter which is worth much if other things are equal. Again, there is less chance of mistakes occurring through ignorance of local conditions as to materials, peculiarities of subsoil, and as to the character of the local building firms. It should be stated, however, either as an advantage or as a drawback, that provincial architects tend to be "provincial" and those of the suburbs "suburban." These distinctions are less marked than was the case some years ago.

The fourth method of choosing an architect is, to my mind, the best, as it is also most just ; that is the employment of a man who has done work which the prospective house builder admires. In no other way is he so likely to get satisfaction, and yet few architects are employed for this reason. It may be that the house which is admired has been seen in one of the many books about new houses. In such a case it is desirable that it should be visited before instructions are given to the architect to prepare plans. And with regard to such a visit of inspection some advice may be useful. It is well to ask what things are found to be inconvenient in working, and if opportunity occurs this question should be put to the servants as well as the owner. But in either case the answers should be considered with caution. The visitor should judge for

himself whether there is ground for complaint or not. I have known a case where the lady of the house never desired to leave her earlier home and therefore could say little good of her new abode.

Let us imagine, then, that an architect is marked out for one of these reasons, but before he is engaged the prospective owner of the new house would do well to take one other precaution. He should ask the architect where he may see houses of the size he means to build which have been built from his plans. It is an advantage to both architect and client if a visit to these houses can be made together, for then not only do they get to know something of each other, but the architect is also given an opportunity of explaining what difficulties confronted him in the work ; he is able to show what he considers are the strong points of the plan and where he feels it to be weak. He can tell why certain materials were used and what determined the general form of the house. On his side, the employer can make up his mind whether he will be well served by this architect. When the building owner has decided on his architect he should ask for the scale of fees which are issued by the Royal Institute of British Architects, so that there may be no misunderstanding on this point.

We will now suppose that matter settled. Then and not until then, unless indeed circumstances forbid a choice, the site should be chosen. Before this important question is settled, a visit should be made to all the possible sites, and the future owner should tell his architect the reasons why they attract him and the features which appear to him to be disadvantages, and he should ask what the architect has for or against each position.

Having, then, got thus far, the site and the architect both settled, it is time to go into the details of the plan and general arrangement of the house. Until this stage is reached the course has been plain sailing. It is now that the real difficulties begin ; on the one side there is the accommodation which is desired, and on the other is the money available to procure it. It is very seldom that the two balance. It is desirable that the client, for so the owner may now be called, should give his instructions in considerable detail. He should specify the sizes of the rooms he requires, and in this respect he should have already noted the dimensions of any rooms which he has thought suitable to his needs. Further, his opinions on the relative positions of doors, windows and fireplaces will be useful in the preparation of preliminary plans. It is not unlikely that a house containing the number of rooms he desires will be found to cost more than he wishes to spend, and in that case the plans submitted to him will show rooms of less size, and it may be fewer in number. It will then be desirable for the architect and his client to see rooms of the sizes shown on the plan. This is important if disappointment is to be avoided, for without comparison with actual rooms it is difficult to visualise their appearance from a plan. It is a mistake to hurry over the preparation of plans. Time given to consideration of them at this stage is well spent. Not only should rooms of like size be inspected, but it is also desirable to see fittings recommended by the architect in actual use ; fireplaces, door-handles, dresser drawers, hanging cupboards ; these and all the other details of a house need to be settled before the plans are sent to the builders for their estimates, for alterations afterwards mean extras. Extras, the bane of both employer and architect, can be further avoided if it is clearly understood that the builder is to take no order except through the agency of the architect. Again with regard to extras, the owner should make allowance in his estimate for such out-buildings and garden works as will be required, and these may wisely be included in the contract and be carried out under the architect's supervision.

Not uncommonly it is suggested that it is to an architect's advantage to run up the cost of building. The fact that he is paid on a percentage of the cost of the work

lends colour to this suggestion. Nothing, however, is further from the fact. An architect's reputation rests on his satisfying his client, and anything that tends to do otherwise harms him.

It is probable that the course I have advised with regard to house building will appear so obvious when it is read that it will be said it had better not have been written, yet it is due to omitting to do the things here advised that most of the discontent connected with new houses occurs. Houses are important things, and it is worth while taking trouble with them. Most architects will provide good workable homes, but unless those for whom they design take pains to understand what is being prepared for them it is not unlikely they will be disappointed, and although they may not admit it, the cause of disappointment will in that case be theirs.

PUBLICATION

JOHN FRANCIS BENTLEY. By W. W. SCOTT MONCRIEFF. Ernest Benn Ltd.
10s. 6d.

I AM glad to receive this, the latest addition to the *Masters of Architecture* series. The text is by Mr. W. W. Scott Moncrieff, who begins the twenty-six pages allotted to him with these words: "To most people the name of Bentley is unknown." Thereafter follow facts about the architect and his buildings, and with these facts are mingled the author's beliefs about life and the evils of machinery. Yet enough is said to indicate the sort of man Bentley was, and to stimulate a desire to know more. For that purpose the reader is referred to the book by Mrs. de l'Hôpital, who is Bentley's daughter and biographer.

Bentley's work was for the most part connected with church buildings, and until he built the cathedral at Westminster which gave him deserved fame, he designed under the influence of the Gothic revival. Had that great opportunity never come to him he would have been known to a few as an architect of refined taste who thought out his buildings very closely, but only a very few could have guessed that he possessed great power and wide imagination. He stepped in one stride from the pretty by-lanes of architecture into the open plain where are the classic buildings of all time.

The thirty-four photographs of Bentley's work which this book contains are good and well-chosen, but those of Westminster Cathedral do not make one aware of the beauty and strength of the interior of this church. Only those who pass into the building and see it in being can realise something of its worth. If the book leads any to make this visit, Mr. Scott Moncrieff will not have failed in his service to the memory of this great architect. I offer one word in criticism as regards the "make up" of the books of this series. Would it not be possible for the publishers to arrange that the frontispiece be sewn in as are the other photographs?

A. R. POWYS

POETRY

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF HERBERT TRENCH. Cape. 3 vols. 25s.

SELECTED POEMS OF HERBERT TRENCH. Edited with an introduction by HAROLD WILLIAMS. Cape. 4s. 6d.

FORTY-TWO FABLES OF LA FONTAINE. Translated by EDWARD MARSH. Heinemann. 6s.

THE WORKS OF R. L. STEVENSON. Skerryvore Edition. Vol. 20. Complete Poetical Works. 7s. 6d.

SWINBURNE'S COLLECTED POEMS. Heinemann. 2 vols. 15s.

IT is not long since a long article on Trench's poetry appeared in these pages and it cannot be re-examined here. The piety of Mr. Harold Williams has reproduced him now in large and in little. He was a poet whose reputation went through singular phases. He had an early "boom" of a sort, on the strength largely of *Apollo and the Seaman*, which is by no means a success; he then went through a period of neglect; at the end of his life he was being rediscovered, and his remarkable play *Napoleon*, produced in the last year of his life by the Stage Society, made a deep impression. Mr. Williams' selection seems to me too small, and I miss certain of his most characteristic poems, such as *Milo*, which none but he could have written. His short poems do not as a rule satisfy me. He wrestled with the muse as Milo with the oak-tree, and his lyrics, as a rule, have a certain roughness. His distinguishing quality was a massiveness of imagination which came to expression sometimes in a crabbed magniloquence, and sometimes in a large resounding utterance that really deserves the term majestic. When time has done its work and the vast production of our age is sifted, it is difficult to believe that his *Requiem of Archangels* for the death of the world will not be held one of the finest things any man of our time has done, and worthy of the best of English company from any age.

Hearts, beat no more ! Earth's Sleep has come.
All iron stands her wrinkled tree,
The streams that sang are stricken dumb,
The snowflake fades into the sea.

Hearts, throb no more ! your time is past ;
Thousands of years for this pent field
Ye have done battle. Now at last
The flags may sink, the captains yield.

Sleep, ye great Wars, just and unjust !
Sleep takes the gate and none defends.
Soft on your craters' fire and lust,
Civilisations, Sleep descends.

Time it is, time to cease carouse.
Let the nations and their noise grow dim !
Let the lights wane within the house
And darkness cover, limb by limb !

THE LONDON MERCURY

Across your passes, Alps and plains,
 A planetary vapour flows,
 A Last invader, and enchains
 The vine, the woman, and the rose.

Sleep, Forest old ! Sleep in your beds,
 Wild-muttering Oceans and dark Wells !
 Sleep be upon your shrunken head,
 Blind, everlasting Pinnacles !
 Sleep now, most dread high-shining Kings,
 Your torrent glories snap in death. . . .

It was the climax of his achievement, and I think he knew it : yet in most of the innumerable anthologies we look for it in vain. Mr. Williams's selection follows closely one made by Trench himself just before his death : this perhaps accounts for its imperfections.

Mr. Marsh's idea was delicious, and he has deliciously carried it out ; nothing being wanted to complete his little book but a few engravings or cuts. La Fontaine is not read as he was ; he has had little English influence since the Augustan age ; and the fable is out of fashion. Anything short of a very good translation would certainly make him seem unreadable. His effects are delicate and depend upon the exact expression of little turns of thought and speech, wit and sentiment and observation. His translator must know his world, must be capable of easy colloquialism and the classic poetical touch, he must have a large vocabulary and a precise sense of the meanings of words, he must be familiar with the style of La Fontaine's age and with the analogies between it and ours, he must be able to reproduce La Fontaine's method, now tight, now discursive, of verse, and appreciate the exquisite suitability of treatment to subject everywhere, he must rhyme dexterously, and he must be equally capable of a quiet succinctness and a rhetorical rotundity. He must, in fact, have all the qualities which Mr. Marsh, surprisingly (for one who had doubted that anybody could do the job so well) shows himself to possess. His elegance, ease, urbanity are admirable ; and almost everywhere he may be read aloud with amusement, admiration and a complete absence of " that translation feeling," not his least achievement being the perpetration of elaborate rhymes that do not seem forced. As a specimen we may take his opening to *The Donkey and the Lap-Dog* :

To ape a gift we don't possess
 Can only end in clumsiness.
 A boor may strive as best he can,
 He'll never be a gentleman.
 Each here and there, and every now and then,
 Some being is born into the world of men
 To whom, spoilt darling of high Heaven,
 The magic grace of charm is given.
 'Tis well to leave it to them—those who try
 To invade their exquisite monopoly
 Will put the cap on when they grasp my moral,
 Drawn from a too ambitious Donkey,
 Who pitched his singing in a wrong key.

The two collected editions from Messrs. Heinemann are miracles of cheap production. Swinburne is at last in manageable compass : the best of Swinburne, alas, could be in yet more manageable compass : most of it wears very badly, though his

few masterpieces are lovely with a beauty which came into the world with him. There is also a mass of inferior work in the vast volume of verse that Stevenson contrived to write in his spare moments : but his weaker work is seldom tedious. This edition includes all the " new poems " which have come to light in recent years. Controversy still rages over him and his honesty, secretiveness, charm and vanity. In the last resort he was a chronic invalid who wrote " better be Falstaff than Obermann " and, with his body a ruin, died in the act of drawing a cork from a wine bottle. Gameness like his dwarfs all the faults they ascribe to him.

J. C. S.

FICTION

THE WHITE MONKEY. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

IN THE LAND OF YOUTH. By JAMES STEPHENS. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

SARD HARKER. By JOHN MASEFIELD. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

ELSIE AND THE CHILD. By ARNOLD BENNETT. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

FIDELITY. By SUSAN GLASPELL. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.

SCHOOLING. By PAUL SELVER. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.

WITHIN A BUDDING GROVE. By Marcel Proust. Translated by C. K. SCOTT MONCRIEFF. Chatto. 2 vols. 7s. 6d. per vol.

IN such a flood, reviewing is impossible and reporting is the most that can be expected. Nevertheless, it may be possible for the present writer to shriek out a few remarks before the rising tide of ink is above his head. Mr. Galsworthy's new story is a kind of sequel to *To Let* and continues the history of Fleur, the daughter of Soames Forsyte and now the wife of Michael Mont, publisher. Soames himself plays a prominent part in the narrative, and the description of his last battle with shareholders is one of the best things in the book. There are also a poet, Wilfred Desert (not very well done, but then literary people are always badly done. Literary parties are tedious enough in real life, but in fiction, with its host of improbable names and its sprightly critical air of knowing all about everybody, they are boredom itself), a packer who steals for his sick wife, the wife herself who poses "in the altogether" for her unfortunate husband, and a few minor Forsytes. The story can be shortly described as a pot-pourri of familiar Galsworthy themes in the modern mode, that is, with special reference to the prevailing scepticism, restlessness and the like. It would be easy to pick holes in the story (in which the hand of Mr. Galsworthy, clearly visible, plays much too prominent a part), but in a short notice it would be idle, because it is an extremely entertaining, and, in places, moving chronicle, and it does show, as few other stories have shown, representative figures of several generations in thought and action. Michael Mont is one of the most attractive and real specimens of the class of young men who were compelled to complete their education in the trenches (one might call it the Ugly Duckling generation) that I have met in fiction.

Mr. Stephens' latest book of Irish legends re-written is not so good as the former one, *Deirdre*. There are two good reasons why it should not be. In the first place, the element of surprise has vanished; we know now what to expect. In the second place, instead of one close unified narrative, we have a number of shorter tales. In handling these tales, it may be that Mr. Stephens has adopted the best method in putting them one inside the other, Arabian Nights fashion, but I must confess that I am not very fond of that fashion. The trouble with it is that the stories begin well, but that the endings come so quickly, one on the heels of another, that it is as if the author were standing on the roof of a neighbouring house and pelting us with conclusions. Mr. Stephens has not enough stories for this to happen, but he will have to be careful. It is true, however, that one of the inset stories here is perhaps the best in the whole book, an account of the rivalry between the two great swineherds of Ireland, Fruic, of Munster, and Rucht, of Connacht, a tale in which all the poetry and romance and humour possible in piggery is seized upon and displayed to our admiration. For the rest, there are the same qualities that marked the version of *Deirdre*, a sly glancing

humour, an unforced sense of beauty, and a kind of quaint realism that adds a piquancy to these dim old fables. It is a great pity that Mr. Masefield, in his occasional meanderings into the art of fiction, does not compel his imagination to seize hold of its matter with the close grasp of Mr. Stephens. Mr. Masefield's stories have never lacked either ideas or occasional passages of great imaginative force, but as a whole, they have always been poor, drifting, spineless. *Sard Harker* is no exception. It describes the wild adventures, in a central American republic, of a first mate turned knight errant. It is only fair to say that some chapters in the middle of the book, dealing with the exploits and misfortunes of Harker in the forest and the mountains have both considerable force and beauty, but the story as a whole is astonishingly crude and unconvincing, a kind of weak-kneed, literary melodrama. It is typical of Mr. Masefield that his hero should be given the nickname "Sard" by his shipmates because he is sardonic. There is no evidence whatever that this somewhat priggish and superior mariner is at all sardonic. There is, however, a good deal of evidence that Mr. Masefield wanted a strong, harsh name, and so chose "Sard Harker", and found his reasons afterwards.

Elsie, the servant in *Riceyman Steps*, married her shell-shocked lover, Joe, and the pair of them went to live at the local doctor's. This short story describes the relations between husband and wife, between Elsie and her master and mistress, and between Elsie and her devoted admirer, the doctor's little girl. The story gives one the impression that Mr. Bennett had intended it to be a sequel to *Riceyman Steps*, but then, finding that either his material or his inspiration was giving out, he cut it off short, so that it remains an episode. The best thing in it is the description of Elsie's trials as a parlour-maid: no other writer could do this with the uncanny realism of Mr. Bennett. The remaining tales are of rich middle-aged gentlemen and very well dressed women and yachts and the Rotunda Music Hall and the Grand Babylon Hotel, all touched in with a kind of honest knowing Philistinism that is not unpleasant in small doses. They bear the same relation to Mr. Bennett's better work, or indeed to literature in general, that dining out at a large and noisy restaurant does to dining quietly at a friend's or at home. From Mr. Bennett, of course, we know what to expect: Miss Glaspell is something of a surprise. Her book is not what we expected her to write, and, further, just as we have come to the conclusion that it is much worse, it suddenly takes a turn and becomes something better than we ever anticipated. Ruth Holland, a girl in a small town in the Middle West, runs away with a married man, whose wife, though she did not seem to want him herself when he was there, will not divorce him. For eleven years, Ruth remains away, and then returns because her father is dying and wishes to see her. In the meantime, she has paid an awful price for her challenge to society. It is at this point, after the return of Ruth, that the story creeps out of its shell of commonplace and turns into an extremely thoughtful, moving and excellently balanced piece of work. I am not going to explain what happens in the end; it is sufficient to say that the end is unusually well conceived. If this is Miss Glaspell's first novel (the drama is her usual form), she must be congratulated on its excellence, both in characterisation and in narrative. And it only remains to say that either the people of the Middle West of the United States are strangely wanting in sense or that our author has (and pardonably) exaggerated the social ostracism of Ruth in order to emphasise her central problem.

Mr. Selver is, I think, much more entitled to the name of "Sard" than Mr. Masefield's hero, for he really has a sardonic turn of humour. Novels about school life are usually written in order to show us either a master who insists upon quoting Strindberg to the boys, or a boy who insists upon quoting Strindberg to the masters,

in short, a sensitive plant in the common room or the playing field. Mr. Selver breaks new ground. His Leonard Malden, the youth who takes his first post at Greendale Grammar School, is an overwhelmingly commonplace young man, indeed so commonplace and so astonishingly ignorant that, like his colleagues, he is no credit to the university that has granted him a degree, to say nothing of the profession he adopts. We learn little or nothing about education or the boys in this satire, but a great deal about life in a common room. The common room, the cage for eight dissatisfied and intriguing masters, is the centre of the story. The vulgarity and meanness of most of the personages there are almost incredible, and yet Mr. Selver's description of it all is convincing. Indeed, while our author keeps to the common room, he is excellent ; but as soon as he leaves it, he lapses into the smart fourth-rate young novelist of whom we are all very tired. The London passages, particularly those of second-rate literary life, are very crude. The book is one of promise, I think, rather than actual performance, but—if a few words of praise from what Mr. Selver calls “ The London Minerva ” will not make him lose caste with his friends—he displays a genuine gusto in the satirical-comic vein, a real shrewdness and vim in laying about him with his bladder and bauble, that are all too rare and so are of infinite promise.

At the moment there is a spate of translations of foreign fiction. The chief of them is Mr. Scott Moncrieff's continuation of his English version of Proust's great work. This second part, in two volumes in the English, is *A L'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs*, which received the Prix Goncourt five years ago. It describes the Swanns in Paris, then changes the scene from Paris to Balbec and the centre of interest from Gilberte to Albertine, and introduces a number of personages to us, notably Bergotte and the sinister M. de Charlus. Mr. Scott Moncrieff's version is excellent (the worst thing is the title—our translator is not good at titles), and apart from the dialogue, in which he has, wisely, I think, allowed a Gallic flavour to remain, it reads like an English original. Another translation from the French is *Strait is the Gate* (Jarrolds), Andre Gide's novel of the French Protestant temperament. Contemporary Russian fiction is represented by Remizov's *The Clock* (Chatto & Windus), translated by Mr. John Cournos, and Pilniak's *Tales of the Wilderness* (Routledge). Remizov, who has widely influenced contemporary Russian novelists, is well represented by this bizarre, symbolical story, which is presented to us in a curious fashion not unlike literary mosaic work. The most valuable part of Pilniak's book is Prince Mirsky's introduction, a much-needed account of Russian fiction since Chekhov. Incidentally, this is my fourth different spelling of that writer's name this year : I always blindly follow the last authority ; but if there are any more of these changes, I shall adopt a variation entirely my own—let us say, “ Checkhoff ” or “ Tschecv ”—and stick to it.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

ENGLISH : GRAMMAR AND LANGUAGE

THE PHILOSOPHY OF GRAMMAR. By OTTO JESPERSEN. Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.

A GRAMMAR OF SPOKEN ENGLISH. By HAROLD E. PALMER. Cambridge : Heffer. 12s. 6d.

S.P.E. TRACTS, XIV, XV, XVI, XVII. Oxford : Clarendon Press. 2s. 6d. except XVI, 3s. 6d.

REVIEWING, or gossiping on, a new dictionary in two volumes, one of our oldest and most popular journalists recently explained that he had never opened a dictionary in his life. When the attitude of professional writers of English is such, can more be expected from the average citizen ? Our language might by this time be the language of the world, if any pains had been taken to pronounce it correctly, or to maintain some standard of accuracy. The English are a grossly practical people, as English shows by the ingenious way in which it has arranged to avoid the trouble of inflections. They do not care how illogical they are, so long as they are understood, and they view with amazement, if not with disgust, the scholars who point out their slipshod and lazy ways of talk. It is characteristic of our day that the most elaborate work on English is done by foreigners like Professor Jespersen, whose *Philosophy of Grammar* is a continuation of his striking book on the *Origin and Development of Language* (1922). A summary of his views is also given in one of the S.P.E. Tracts. He deals mostly with English, adding illustrations from other languages. The moderns have discovered that grammar was made for man, not man for grammar, and that language cannot be tied down to the rules of logic. English can speak of a past and mean a present or a future, as in "Faint heart never won fair lady," and use negatives for positive statements in an astonishingly subtle way. A proper system of grammar, the professor contends, should be based in the first place on direct observation of living speech. Language is always growing, and grammarians, sitting in their studies, are hopelessly behind it. One main advance in the *Philosophy of Grammar* is the recognition in language of fixed formulas and free combinations, and the difference between them. Certain patterns of sense constructions have a very wide influence. Form and notional idea are often at variance, and current definitions are shown to be largely futile, because they are contradicted by the facts of language. Words do not belong to one word-class only. Even the instance of "was" as only a verb might be contradicted. It means "the past" in Shakespeare's "'was' is not 'is,'" having the freedom of a "quotation word." No flexional ending is the exclusive property of any single part of speech. The general principles stated are that,

While we should be careful to keep out of the grammar of any language such distinctions or categories as are found in other languages, but not formally expressed in the language in question, we should be no less averse to deny in any particular case the existence of distinctions elsewhere made in the same language, because they happen there to have no outward sign.

Thus our grammars have been loaded with Latin usages which are not English at all. The simplification offered of the usual grammatical terms and lists is certainly a step in the right direction. The whole book is brilliant and erudite.

Mr. Palmer's book is an advance on the old style of classification, but very elaborate in its discussion of idioms. He follows Sweet in regarding much of the older grammarians' work as obsolete and unsuited to the genius of the language, and is justified

in doing so. His idea of giving lists of sentences capable of use by modification is very sensible. I do not know why he derides the notion of correct language, and then proceeds to explain what he prefers to choose as his standard. The phonetic system used is really scientific, but takes some mastering. Foreign students, for whom the book is specially designed, may be more ready to tackle it than the young Englishman. The terminology used is much more practical than the old one, but full of long, intimidating words. Some idioms can be better learnt later. Why speak of the genitive in "s" as a separate word, because it can be applied to a group of words treated as one? In "will" and "shall", "I will gladly" should be specially noticed. It is much more important than "Will I do?" If the study of special meanings is fairly faced, all sorts of anomalies might be included. What a language it is in which one can say "those sort of things"! This idiom is widely used by persons who declare they would never be guilty of such a vulgarism, and it is well over a hundred years old, for the phrase quoted is from Jane Austen's *Emma*, chapter 33.

While we applaud the labours of Professor Jespersen, we should not forget the native efforts of the S.P.E., which with its always interesting and well-written pamphlets steadily endeavours to improve the sloppy usage of to-day. They should appeal to every intelligent reader, for words, when once you have got into the habit of examining their use and pedigree, are a rich mine of suggestion and romance. "Romantic" is, in fact, one of the words examined by Mr. Pearsall Smith in Tract 17, and though it is Latin in origin, it would be impossible to do into Latin. It has long been opposed to "Classical," and the confusions due to the antithesis are copious. (See for this aspect of the word, W. P. Ker, *Essays and Studies of the English Association*, vol. 6). In these Tracts it is considered together with "picturesque" and "pictorial," which I have found generally used to imply the presence of the elements of a picture, but not the unity and harmony which make beauty.

The discussion of national terms, especially "Briton," is welcome, and may serve to dispel some ill-grounded national prejudices. "Britisher" which used to be not English, but Unitedstatish, is not wanted by people of taste over here, but the Press, even of the more careful sort, now freely admits it. I think the objections to "Briton" too learned to affect the ordinary man, or to be quite reasonable. *Rule Britannia* is no worse than many patriotic songs in being vainglorious. The rising *intelligentsia* is too sensitive about the British Empire. The Split Infinitive is the subject of a fetish neatly exposed by Mr. H. W. Fowler. Its avoidance leads, as he shows, to obvious strain and clumsiness. The word imprisoned in the split has a strong emphasis put upon it, and so the idiom seems to me, like the use of italics, one generally to be shunned. Milton writes in *L'Allegro*,

to have quite set free

His half-regained Eurydice,

which, if not a split infinitive, has that effect. As Henry Jackson is quoted as saying he did not like the company this idiom keeps, I note that it has been used by Meredith and Hardy. The exposure of current English, which Mr. Fowler does delightfully, is quite sound, but examples of idioms from great authors might be added. After all, they make, or should make, the English language, and are of more importance than age-old histories of words. The great merit of the S.P.E. is that everywhere they show reasons for their practice, a thing the ordinary arguer about language cannot do. Pages 17-24 fell out of Tract 16 as soon as I opened it. The Tracts are sufficiently valuable to be carefully stitched, a sentence which—see Mr. Fowler's remarks—is natural and correct.

VERNON RENDALL

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

CARLYLE TO THE FRENCH REVOLUTION (1826-1837). By D. A. WILSON. Kegan Paul. 15s.

DR. JOHN CLIFFORD: LIFE, LETTERS, REMINISCENCES. By SIR JAMES MARCHANT, LL.D. Cassell. 12s. 6d.

THE LONDON OF CHARLES DICKENS. By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR. Grant Richards. 15s.

A LONG LIFE'S WORK. By SIR ARCHIBALD GEIKIE. Macmillan. 18s.

THE generous appreciation of publishers for their own wares recalls Dr. Johnson's description of the "reciprocal civility of authors" as being "one of the most risible scenes in the farce of life." Does it take anyone in? I suppose it must. The first volume of Mr. D. A. Wilson's *Carlyle* we are told twice on the cover of the second was "at once accorded a place among the great biographies of the language" . . . "second only to Boswell's immortal *Life of Johnson*." As Jeffries who agreeably pervades this volume said on a famous occasion, "This will never do." It seems ungracious to criticise a writer who beguiled the tedium of existence in Burmah by collecting materials for his work which would, as he tells us, have filled fifty volumes; but that is the trouble. Until we get back to Methuselah, there is hardly time for a work which at the end of eight hundred pages leaves the hero on the threshold of his literary life. To compare its author with Boswell is hardly kind; the only things they have in common are nationality and an enthusiasm for their subject, but with one Scotsman writing of another this is inevitable. Before the author's industry one can only stand abashed, but the result is rather the material for a book than the complete affair, and the lack of proportion and coherence make its reading far from an easy task.

In a chapter headed "Domestic Events," the conscientious student who has already mastered three hundred and ninety-eight pages is given these facts: that Carlyle saw an Italian Improvisatore, also *Figaro* at the French theatre with a free pass, but "the chief news of the month . . . was a rare event, an instance of friction between himself and his wife." It appears Carlyle had bought a white hat with a large brim, which his wife did not like. Then we are switched off to the domestic relations of Mill and the Taylors, a joke of Charles Buller's, and end with a letter to Emerson. It is a trifle bewildering. Nor has Mr. Wilson a fortunate literary style. For a book of such pretensions it is curiously lacking in dignity. A dreadful facetiousness keeps breaking in. In criticising the French Revolution he says: "The Napoleonic wars were one sequel, and another was the Willie Nickey War of 1914." "Boss" is a favourite expression, and "fictioneer" and "fictioneering" is his distressing way of alluding to unfortunate people like Sir Walter Scott who wrote novels. "Tea and trimmings" we are told, were the usual limits of Mrs. Carlyle's hospitality, professors of alleged subservience are described as "common yes-sirs," and he has a perfect genius for inept and rather pompous comment. A debate between Brougham and Lyndhurst in the House of Lords is thus dealt with: "How the two woolsackers wrangled and dropping into the truth for once imputed bad motives and gave each other the lie." If Jeffries writes Mrs. Carlyle an intimate letter he is said to be "pen-caressing her." When Froude describes Carlyle's distress at the

death of his wife Mr. Wilson tells us "The Hero of Mr. Froude's *Thomas Carlyle* laments like the Gargantua of Rabelais":

My so good wife is dead, who was the most this, the most that, that ever was in the world! With these words he did cry like a cow.

In telling a story told by Dr. Arnott, who attended Napoleon at St. Helena and brought his heart back to France in a glass jar:

One stormy night a knocking sound awakened the Doctor . . . hastily lighting a candle he was in time to see the heart of Napoleon in the jaws of the rat, but whether he was able to retrieve it remains unknown.

He adds: "The story was never finished like *Wootin Reinford* and in its simplicity surpasses Hamlet." One cannot only wonder whether this a Scotch joke. Why Hamlet? It is certainly easy to surpass the simplicity of Hamlet; as that is a quality that character entirely lacked, but the connection between a rat and the simplicity of the Prince of Denmark seems a little remote; perhaps he was thinking of Polonius and the arras.

All admirers of Jane Welsh Carlyle will welcome Mr. Wilson's presentment of their married life. No encouragement is given to the theory of the unhappy marriage. It is clear that on the whole they got on very well together. The popular error was largely owing to the fact that the general public never discounted the literary emphasis of their talk and letters, but even here a strange lack of balance is revealed. To say that their existence was "a perpetual honeymoon" is to fall into the other extreme. But Mr. Wilson will have no one near the throne: his highest praise for her is that at her best "she was the right sort of wife for a prophet." It does not agree with her own view that "C. should have had a strong minded woman for wife with a perfectly sound liver, plenty of solid fat and mirth and good humour. World without end." An interesting account is given of De Quincey drinking laudanum like sherry and talking divinely, and Mrs. Carlyle saying of him "What would not one give to have him in a box and take him out to talk." And when she finds he is alone in his lodgings at Edinburgh and ill, she brings him to their house and nurses him until he is better. In his old age he declares: "She was indeed the most angelic woman I ever met on this God's earth." But Mr. Wilson is careful to point out that he was really saved in the end by the generosity of Christopher North. It is such pictures of the literary life in Edinburgh and London that gives the book its greatest interest. Whatever may be said against its faults of construction and style, as a work of reference no library can afford to be without it.

Dr. Clifford was a supreme example of the political cleric. How far that is a desirable type may be debatable, but the Nonconformist conscience has never had any scruples on the matter. He was undoubtedly an excellent public speaker even if, as we are reminded, Mr. Balfour did not like his style. It was certainly platform, almost overflow, and he did not disdain the tricks of the trade. I remember his making a speech against the very education bill for which his critic was responsible. The Doctor, although the atmosphere was warm, sat on the platform enveloped in a long black overcoat. When his turn came he walked to the front and faced the audience, then affecting to remember, he turned round and took his coat off. It was a most effective prelude to a fighting speech. Again, when he had been threatened with personal violence owing to his outspoken protests against the Boer war, he used to be locked into the pulpit, and always took care to test the door before he began his address. The Great War showed he was a true patriot, and his influence was without doubt of great assistance to the Government.

Mr. Chancellor has been well advised to follow his *London of Thackeray* with *The London of Charles Dickens*. He points out an interesting distinction between the two authors. With Dickens London is sooner or later the scene of all his novels. Even when you are in Yorkshire with Nicholas Nickleby and Squeers, or at Yarmouth with David Copperfield and in a country inn with Pecksniff, a stage coach is always round the corner to take you to London. Yet Dickens does not like London. Its fogs, its atmosphere and its architecture repel him. When he travels the continental cities are an agreeable change. He was never at heart a Londoner ; directly he could he made his home at Gadshill. Now his great contemporary was essentially a London man. One cannot imagine Thackeray living happily in the country. He loved his clubs, his friends, and the society which was so glad to welcome him. Mr. Chancellor gives us the topography of each novel separately and criticises them in turn, but I prefer his topography to his criticism. It is difficult to agree that in *Edwin Drood* Dickens rose to heights he had never before attained. That it was a fragment always seemed to me its best point. " That the characters in *Great Expectations* are not so attractive as those in the earlier works " is an allegation that must be met at once. What about Herbert Pocket, Jaggers and Wemmick, and above all " Old Bill Barley " ? to say nothing of Mr. Wopsle, whose performance of Hamlet was " massive and concrete " ? Not the least attractions of the book are its excellent and interesting illustrations.

Books written by scientists are apt to humiliate a poor writer, who, a mere volunteer, and not even a conscript in the band of literary workers, is innocent of all scientific knowledge. The only eminent author as far as I know who has mastered science is the omniscient Mr. Wells, and he is so proud of his unique accomplishment that he cannot disguise his contempt for less gifted mortals. In one of his novels, disliking a character, he can think of nothing worse to say of him than that he knew less of science than his chauffeur. Only too conscious of the fact that if I could afford that luxury, I should be in a position of similar abasement, the thrust has been rankling ever since. Sir Archibald Geikie is more tolerant :

In describing the progress of geological science wherein I have taken part, I shall generally avoid the use of technical language and try to make that progress intelligible and perhaps even interesting to the non-scientific reader.

He certainly succeeded and has given us a most attractive volume which by no means relies solely on geology for its interest. But then he was a man of many gifts, he was even a talented artist ; we are told : " Next to geological exploration I know of no occupation so delightful as that of the sketcher—a landscape means more to him than to most people, especially if he be also a geologist."

Both work and play made him a great traveller. He visited Salt Lake City—bathed in the Lake and was entertained by a Mormon Elder, and as a Scotsman was no doubt gratified to find a fellow countryman in polygamous prosperity. It turned out " he had once been secretary to the Forth and Clyde Canal Company before the days of railways." Later on a most interesting account is given of the celebration of the centenary of the Institut de France at which he helped Jules Simon make an impassioned speech on Peace, supported by Poincaré, and the last official act of his long and distinguished career was to act as Chairman to a Royal Commission of Enquiry into Dublin University in 1920. A full and valuable book.

CHARTRES BIRON

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE

WONDERS OF THE HIMALAYA. By SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND. John Murray. 10s. 6d.

SERVANT OF SAHIBS. By GHULAM RASSUL GAHVAN. Heffer. 9s.

BIG GAME AND PIGMIES. By CUTHBERT CHRISTY. Macmillan. 21s.

MEMORIES OF TRAVEL. By SIR THOMAS GRAHAM JACKSON. Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d.

IN QUEST OF ELDORADO. By STEPHEN GRAHAM. Macmillan. 12s.

THE PIRATES' WHO'S WHO. By PHILIP GOSSE. Dulau. 10s.

WHEN Sir Francis Younghusband recently wrote a book about religion, he was strongly advised by the reviewers to leave that subject alone. And reviewers, he remarks ironically, "have to be obeyed." Anyhow he took his orders in a soldierly spirit, and in his latest book returns to those earthly adventures which we all, including reviewers, want to hear of from him. He at first thought of writing a book for boys, but concluded that the modern boy prefers books written for men. It may be so. In any case, it is certain that boys of all ages, from fifteen to forty, will welcome with enthusiasm this exhilarating account of his earlier adventures when he himself was little more than a boy.

The simple facts of the case are sufficiently astonishing. In March, 1887, Sir Francis Younghusband, then an unknown subaltern in his early twenties, was at Pekin, when he fell in with Colonel Mark Bell, head of the Indian Intelligence Department, who was about to attempt a journey to India across China and Chinese Turkestan. No European had done it since Marco Polo. Younghusband asked to be allowed to join the expedition, but Bell refused on the ground that it would be waste of effort for two officers to travel over the same ground. However, he must have been impressed by his young acquaintance, for he coolly suggested that, while he himself would travel through the populated parts of China, the subaltern should tackle Marco Polo's own route across the Desert of Gobi, and endeavour to enter India through the unknown Mustagh Pass! So Younghusband set out with a few native companions. He had no information about the route, no map of any kind, and the only boots he possessed was a nailless pair of "town" boots bought in Pekin. He knew little of mountaineering, and had to trust implicitly to his native guides. It seems nothing short of a miracle that the party should have got across the Himalayas without a single casualty, and they must have owed more to Younghusband's leadership than anyone would gather from reading his modest narrative. Mountaineering, after all, is as much a question of psychology as of physical endurance. Pressing on in front of his companions, Younghusband one morning reached the summit of the pass, and saw before him the "glistening line of splendid peaks all radiant in the sunshine, their summits white with purest snow, their flanks stupendous cliffs." What did he do?

I lay down on the ground, and gazed and gazed upon the scene, muttering to myself deep thankfulness that to me it had been given to see such glory. Here was no disappointment—no trace of disillusionment. This world was more wonderful than I had ever known before. And I seemed to grow greater myself from the mere fact of having seen it. Having once seen that, how could I ever be little again?

That is the true explorer's spirit. It is the sufficient answer to those who, as the author tells us, often ask even now : " What is the good of climbing Mount Everest ? " It is not confined to men of one country or one race. Modesty is one of Sir Francis Younghusband's most engaging characteristics, but his tribute to the enthusiasm and endurance of his companions on this historic journey—a Ladakhi or two, a Balti Slave, bought for £7, a Chinese cook, and so on—rings true. They had the same spirit of adventure that inspired their white leader. It is, indeed, a well-known characteristic of the Himalayan peoples. We get an amusing and timely confirmation of this in the second book on my list, *Servant of Sahibs*, written in broken English by the excellent Rassul Gahvan, with an introduction by no less a person than Sir Francis Younghusband himself. Rassul was a Ladakhi, and from his earliest youth he pined for travel and adventure, preferably in the service of an English sahib. He wanted to " see new countries." When still a boy he pleads with a caravan leader : " Please give me service of Sahib. I long for the journey by Yarkand." What is more remarkable, these people share the modern Englishman's admiration for wild mountain scenery, a thing inexplicable to our own ancestors of the eighteenth century. When Rassul first came in sight of the high peaks of the Himalayas, he wrote :

To the East was a very tall glacier mountain, very steep, covered much ice. That looked much beautiful. Top that mountain always see over it a hat of cloud. I said myself : " Lucky man myself to see that mountain."

It is amusing to compare that with Sir Francis Younghusband's own comment on the same scenery which I have quoted above. The Englishman and the Himalayan are perhaps as near as East and West can ever be. Rassul, by the way, served Sir Francis Younghusband for a short period, and gives him a good character. But some of the explorer's most faithful followers cut a poor figure in Rassul's diary. Shukar Ali, whose pluck and hearty good humour contributed so much to the success of the expedition through the Mustagh Pass, appears in Rassul's narrative as a petty thief, who was observed abstracting food and knives from the kit-bags of his companions. But did not Rassul himself annex a bottle of brandy and drink it ?—with disastrous results, for he was a Moslem and a lifelong teetotaler. The old jokes about Babu English are wearing a little thin, but Rassul's diary is something quite out of the common. His mistakes are at least as amusing as those of the author of *The Young Visitors*, and the *naïveté* of his confessions, which he never intended for publication, almost rank his diary, on its personal side, with that of the great Pepys.

Dr. Christy's *Big Game and Pigmies* is perhaps the most notable travel book that has come from Africa this year. The author went to the Central African forests in quest of the okapi (Dr. Christy is a naturalist), and he was in the very centre of the Continent, far from civilisation in 1914, when news of the outbreak of the European War was brought to him in a letter, wrapped in leaves and fixed in the end of a cleft stick, by a native runner from the nearest Belgian post. It must have been a considerable shock to a man who had received no mails for the past four months ; of course, it delayed the publication of his book. Now that we have the book, we know all that can be said at present about that strange, misshapen beast, the okapi, which seems likely to disappear altogether before our curiosity about it is satisfied. Those readers whom the okapi leaves cold, may find amusement in Dr. Christy's account of the manners and customs of the forest pigmies. His encounters with the pigmies were only incidental ; he was obliged to use them as trackers in order to get at the okapi ; but he is blessed with remarkable gifts of observation, and no man ever had better opportunities of studying these shy little people. Dr. Christy made a special study

of their bows and arrows, with which they are amazingly skilful. They shoot so quickly that they do not seem to aim at all. With an eighteen-inch bow and an arrow perhaps fifteen inches long, they will shoot a full-grown leopard through the heart at the first shot. Dr. Christy was unable to find out what poison they use for their arrows, but he refuses to believe the story that it is strong enough to kill an elephant. He tells wonderful stories of their skill as trackers ; they recognise instantly every forest sound—yet the smallest sound may mean elephants, the biggest only a monkey or a squirrel.

Sir Thomas Graham Jackson was probably right when he argued that the traveller should have “ an object in his travels beyond that of mere amusement.” It certainly lends an air of unity and purpose to the book which is nowadays the inevitable result of all travels. And it often leads a traveller off the beaten path. In the case of Sir T. G. Jackson’s special objective, he could rightly claim that “ the monuments of architecture lie far and wide, often in remote country towns or villages, unknown to ordinary tourists, or scouted by them as impossible.” It is not of architecture, but of his many and varied experiences as a traveller in France, Italy and the near East that Sir T. G. Jackson wrote on this occasion. He had a sound prose style and a wonderful memory for inns. Mr. Stephen Graham also had a definite objective. He decided to follow the keel of Columbus across the Atlantic from Spain to San Salvador, and to climb a peak in Darien and see the Pacific for the first time as Balboa saw it, finishing up in the track of Cortez across the plains of Mexico. But the most purposeful book of all is Mr. Philip Gosse’s *The Pirates’ Who’s Who*. The pirates seem to have come into their own in recent years. Their existence is no longer concealed from the young and innocent. They figure in Christmas plays. *Esquemeling* has been translated and there has been an admirable book on buried treasure, including an account of the disgracefully unfair trial of poor Captain Kidd. But Mr. Gosse has set up a noble monument to their blood-stained memories. Quelch, Kidd, Blackbeard and the rest are no longer mere names to us. Anybody can look them up in their own *Who’s Who*, and read there a crisp record of their wicked lives. Indeed, there is no occasion for long-windedness. The inevitable “ Hanged at Plymouth ”—or elsewhere—cuts the notice short. What is the special humour of piracy ? Why do we chuckle to ourselves as we read of these abominable men ? A certain sneaking admiration for their courage is easy to understand. They were picturesque, full-blooded villains, nearly all. But why laugh at them ? Neither they themselves, nor their contemporaries seem to have found them particularly funny. Yet we all do it ; and Mr. Gosse has played up to our little weakness, while giving us plenty of solid information at the same time.

CLENNELL WILKINSON

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IF there be any children who have read their old fairy books through until they are tired of them, they should be happy this Christmas. There are enough new fairy tale books, published by one firm alone, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, to last them the year out and a good deal over—besides others to which I shall come.

To begin with the really sumptuously produced, orange-coloured volumes in the series from Hodder & Stoughton. There is a book of fairy tales written and illustrated by Edmund Dulac, containing tales in the Russian, Flemish, Italian, French, Serbian, Japanese, Chinese, and (even) English manner, which are all entertainingly fresh and stimulating. Another by Heath Robinson, *Bill the Minder*, in the best

Heath Robinsonian vein. Old tales from the North are collected by Kay Neilson, under the alluring title of *East of the Sun and West of the Moon*. And no fewer than two of those enormous tomes are by Maude Radford Warren and Eve Davenport, and are full of fanciful adventure stories grouped under the separate titles of *Adventures in the Old Woman's Shoe* and *Mother Hubbard's Wonderful Cupboard*. Then we have the written out story of *Where the Rainbow Ends*, which, I suppose, still has a public to reach that has not yet been touched by its annual Christmas presentation. (The present writer being anyhow, one). And, lastly, a new edition of "Alice" in the same large, orange covers with pages of thick paper covered in clear print. To all of which no one can have any proper objection however sentimentally they may incline to the familiar "shape" and "feel" of their old Alice.

But towards the new *illustrations* a very proper sentimental objection must surely be felt. It would make no difference even if the new illustrations were in any sense new, successful, or original (which they are not); it is the appearance of any new illustrations at all which is the outrageous thing. Supposing one's mother, or one's nurse, or, even, one's dog or cat or canary were suddenly to appear before one having visited a "beauty" surgeon and obtained a totally new outfit of features, wouldn't one turn with a feeling of disappointment, of pain or, actually, of horror from the sight? A doll that was once sent to the Dolls' Hospital to be repaired, and returned to its owner with a *new head* was thus received by one little girl, and it is with similar feelings that the same little girl (now grown to forty) looks at her Alice presented to her in a new guise. Alice has been personified once and for all: it does not matter whether you think her ugly or whether you think her pretty: there she is; and all the other companions of her adventures are with her. You may not think your best friend as perfect in form and feature as it is possible to be, but you would scarcely, on that account, transfer your friendship to another.

A very successful translation of Dumas's fairy tales is offered to the children by F. Warne & Co., of New York, and Messrs. Allen & Unwin have published a book of Croatian Tales of mystery and magic that are nothing if not fairy stories. I should also like to recommend *Brian and the Wood Folk* by Maribel Edwin, and *Babes of the Wild* by C. G. D. Roberts, and *Mother Nature Stories* by R. S. Sherman, to the young naturalist. In *Against the Clock* Mr. Gunby Hadath has produced an excellent school story, in which thrilling games of cricket and rugger are described in detail and brought to a triumphant close, after a desperate fight, by the hero who thereby "makes good" after his character has been aspersed. This is the stuff to give them without doubt, but need the little flavour of self-sacrificial sauce that it is all in the game be stuffed in so blatantly? I think Mr. Hadath could have made his mixture smoother with a very little more trouble, and it is surely worth it in so good a cause. Speaking as one who is all in favour of the insertion of "sob-stuff," and who enjoys the proper reaction of it upon the organism for which it is intended, I feel that our authors are abusing a very precious thing if they let the susceptible reader see too clearly through the artifice; and if they thereby set up a further reaction of dazed distaste they are doing a thoroughly disastrous thing. Mr. Hadath must beware of attending to his recipe's list of ingredients and then neglecting to observe the important little advice to stir well for . . . a given period of time. It is the blending that does the trick.

In *The Little Admiral* Miss McIlwraith might have blended her use of the older modes of speech more successfully with her modern style.

"Golly! We'll have a ride," said George. The other two were just as eager. This would be an adventure worth relating when they returned aboard ship.

But, later on, reaching a little farm :—

“ Let’s see if there be not a well upon this place,” said Harry. “ I am main thirsty.”

“ Miserable little hole ! ” said George, whose people lived in a castle in England.

“ They must have been mighty sorry to leave it nevertheless,” said he [Teddy], “ and they have gone in great haste.”

Truly it appeared so—for there was no one left in the place but rats, and a corpse upon which they were battenning. The corpse was that of an old man who held a bag of gold in his hand.

“ Golly ! What a time we can have in Quebec with all that gold ! ” says one.

“ I’ll have none of it,” says another.

“ Don’t be a donkey,” says the third, “ the gold is doing no good to anybody here. Perchance we may find the old man’s heir.”

(That “ perchance ” was a lucky thought ! I had almost forgotten they were not one of Mr. Gunby Hadath’s schoolboys, for it is two pages back since Harry was thirsty.)

The word “ Quebec ” will have conveyed to the intelligent reader that the tale takes its place in Canada, and the word “ perchance,” no doubt, will have instructed him that it was some years ago. In fact the adventures related befell these three boys during General Wolfe’s campaign, when the inhabitants of that part of Canada were largely French, as is indicated by a native who says to the boys (who have nearly been drowned) . . . “ Sailors are used to these *contretemps*.”

However the three boys (midshipmen from an Admiral’s ship) have some very exciting adventures, which are well linked up in successive chapters, and it really doesn’t matter whether they speak as they would have done then or as they would do now.

The Girls of Gwynfa is a story set in the time of the Civil Wars by Elsie Oxenham, and is thoroughly convincing and charming ; without any effort at verisimilitude in speech, it succeeds in holding one’s interest and attention by its simple sincerity of aim. The writer has thought herself into her characters and their lives, and the rest comes.

Another book for girls is *The Mystery of Abbotsfold*. The daring and enterprise, not to mention “ feminine intuition ” of Seu, the youthful heroine, eventually brings about the discovery of the real perpetrator of a crime for which a handsome young man has been cast into prison, and at the same time she finds that she has unearthed a paper which substantiates his and his family’s claim to be heirs to large estates and wealth. It is called by the authoress, Mrs. E. Whalley-Tooker, a story for school-girls, and primarily, since the hero is a hero-ine, I suppose it is ; but any boy might enjoy it equally with his sisters ; it has none of the special all-about-girls air that girls’ school-stories have, which as a general rule may be guaranteed to put off anyone less enthusiastic than an actual inhabitant of the kind of school they describe . . . though here I am very much tempted to add “ if such there be ” !

Is there really a place (let alone a school) in this country where the following conversation might take place :—

“ Do come over here, Pearl,” urged Rosaleen excitedly, “ it’s . . . a girl . . . in the grocer’s cart. It looks as if it might be the new girl who ought to have come last week—only it *can’t* be ! The grocer’s boy is grinning like anything ” . . . “ and she is actually *shaking hands*.” . . . “ Wherever can Miss Carwell have got her from ? . . .

Pearl Willock crossed to the side of her friend. . . . “ One of the new rich class,” drawled Pearl disdainfully, “ but I agree with you. It will be horrid getting another girl of that sort in the school. The Welbracks are quite enough. I wish one of the govts. could see her. I have a good mind to tell Mrs. Sasfold.” ?

Yet this is how Kits is received at *Clynton Court School*. Let us hope such a type of society is as completely manufactured as the names with which its individuals are endowed.

In the short space I have left I must add an inadequate paragraph mentioning some of the many excellent publications by Milford. The books have only just come in as this goes to press, and I have therefore only had time to skim through some of the works of those authors of his whom I know of old. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Strang, of course, come first. They are as prolific as ever, and, I should say, as safe as ever—from the point of view of the seeker of Christmas presents. The annuals are all up to the usual high standard, and I should like just to make special mention of Mrs. Strang's *Annual for Baby*. This book, on stiff cardboard pages, with excellent letter-press and just the right kind of pictures, is the book for every nursery, and I hope that every nursery will have one this Christmas. The other annuals, for "girls," "boys" and "tiny folks" are all equally recommendable, and most families could do with the lot.

Mr. Strang has written another of those remarkably successful boys' books of his, in which he details in five separate and complete stories the successive adventures of one mettlesome youth; usually in the days before our present era of steam-power and world commerce. This one is set in the days of Sir Francis Drake, and those merry pirates, and is convincingly enough coloured and shaped to carry the reader through in the necessary state of mental glamour.

Miss Fairlie-Bruce gives us what isn't (I have an inkling) even yet the last of "Dimsie." Although in this volume that very alive young heroine is at last compelled, by the exigencies of a history, to say good-bye to "games," and school-life, and grow up in the world, still even on the last page it is not inevitable that the wedding bells *will* ring, and we close our fifth "Dimsie book" in the pretty fair hope that next Christmas we shall meet our friend again.

The Hamley Children, by Brenda Girvin, is a most exciting story of some children's adventures, while on their summer holiday, including no less an excitement than the mysterious disappearance of their mother! This, like the little fairy fantasy called *The Queen who came to Town*, by Dulcima Glasby, is a book that would be a good present in a family of mixed ages and sexes as the "the little ones" and "the big ones" would both equally enjoy their being read aloud. A recommendation worth noting, I fancy.

Other Christmas gift books are *The Two Jungle Books*, in one volume, which Macmillan has published. And for anybody's reading there are *Leaves from the Golden Bough*, culled by Lady Frazer, and a beautiful edition of *Hassan*, with illustrations by Thomas Mackenzie, published by Heinemann.

EILEEN H. A. SQUIRE